

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1064.—22 October, 1864.

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## NEW BOOKS.

MR. JAY'S SECOND LETTER ON DAVISON'S INTRODUCTION TO THE FEDERALIST, with a vote on the unfriendly policy of France toward the United States, at the time of the Treaty of Peace. The subject of the note on France will probably attract more attention ; but the most important matter is to prevent the insidious infusion of Secession feelings and arguments into our common literature.

SHAKESPEARE: THE SEER—THE INTERPRETER. By the Rev. Dr. Scadding, Chaplain to the St. George's Society of Toronto. Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

MARBLE ISLE LEGENDS OF THE ROUND TABLE AND OTHER POEMS. By Sallie Bridges. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

WE have, at last, with great regret, sold the stereotype plates of the First Series of *The Living Age*, to be melted by type-founders. We have a small number of copits of the printed work remaining, which we shall be glad to receive orders for so long as we can supply them.

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## THE WISHING WELL.

Quanto præstantius esset  
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas  
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum !

## I.

VOICE of this region fabulous !—  
For silent else is all the air,  
None else remains to tell us  
The story of the things that were :—

## II.

Fair fountain of this valley lone,  
That falling with a ceaseless plaint  
Into thy cup of sculptured stone,  
Speakest of fairy and of saint ;

## III.

For name of either thou hast borne :  
Time was Titania round thee played ;  
And rings by elfish footsteps worn  
Still linger in the magic shade.

## IV.

But when the Benedictine came,  
To build upon these meadows fair,  
He called thee by a holier name,  
And blessed thy source with book and prayer ;

## V.

And said the old belief was sin :—  
Yet still, so ran the rustic creed,  
Strange voices sounded, faint and thin,  
By summer nights along the mead.

## VI.

And whether it were saint or fay,  
Blessing or magic, who could tell ?—  
Men said that virtue in thee lay,  
And loved thee as " the Wishing Well."

## VII.

And still thy chalice carved of stone,  
Though old beliefs have passed away,  
Though fairies and though saints are gone,  
Brims with clear crystal day by day.

## VIII.

And waiting here an idle while,  
And looking with a listless eye,  
I see beneath thy waters smile  
The changeless azure of the sky :

## IX.

The changeless azure flecked with gray,  
That was as deep, as fair, as clear,  
Or ever down the woodland way  
The first wild savage wandered here :—

## X.

Or ever man thy dwelling knew,  
And, resting on the virgin sod,  
Looked wondering on the imaged blue,  
And blessed thee as the gift of God.

## XI.

And if there still be power in thee  
To grant the wishes we conceive ;  
If it avail implicitly  
The old tradition to believe, —

## XII.

Give me, fair stream, not gold nor love.  
Not fortune high nor wealth of days  
Not strength to rise the crowd above,  
Nor the deceit of human praise :

## XIII.

But this : that like thy waters clear,  
Though creeds and systems come and go,  
Unvexed within a narrow sphere  
My life with even stream may flow, —

## XIV.

May flow, and fill its destined space,  
With this at least of blessing given,  
Upward to gaze with fearless face,  
And mirror back some truth of heaven !

C. A. L.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## GRADATIM.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound ;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true :  
That a noble deed is a step toward God, —  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet ;  
By what we have mastered of good and gain ;  
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,  
When the morning calls us to life and light,  
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,  
Our lives are trailing in sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,  
And we think that we mount the air on wings  
Beyond the recall of sensual things,  
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men !  
We may borrow the wings to find the way—  
We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray ;  
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls ;  
But the dreams depart and the vision fades,  
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound ;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

J. G. HOLLAND.

From The Spectator.

MR. HAWTHORNE'S LAST FRAGMENT.\*

THIS last brief fragment of Mr. Hawthorne's contains one of the finest and most delicate specimens of his exquisitely clear yet dusky pictures. The colors in which he paints, never either various or brilliant, yet always pure and mellow, remind one continually of that clear, rich brown in the streams just fresh from the Yorkshire fells and from feeding the roots of broom and heather. In precisely the same way Mr. Hawthorne's style, rarely rivalled for beauty either in England or America,—and it is remarkable that a classical simplicity and refinement of style has especially distinguished almost all the greater authors of America,—Washington Irving, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Hawthorne,—always seems to take its dusky-clear beauty from the roots of the fresh New England nature through which it has flowed so long, and to have been slowly distilled by the pensive musings of many generations rather than to be the individual style of a single author. Never in any of his numerous dreamy and yet shrewd, transcendental and yet half-cynical essays,—never in any of his meditative and yet almost prying analyses of character and fortune, has Mr. Hawthorne drawn anything so striking and yet so simple, so full of truth and so full of subtlety, so homely, so mellow, and so toned down into the sort of depth that age gives to great paintings, as the unfinished sketch which opens what was to have been his new tale.

There is a special adaptation, too, in the subject of the sketch to the qualities of his genius. It is the picture—a most marvellous picture—of great age almost losing its hold on the world, and seeing it afar off through the bedimmed cloud of failing senses, yet still held back from the grave by love for a lonely child. Now the main characteristic of Mr. Hawthorne's genius was always the far-off sort of twilight solitude from which his shrewd and curious eye watched and dissected the movements of the human heart. He had a sort of monopoly in the representation of that mental non-conducting medium which forbids the close approach between mind and mind even when it does not obscure the vision of him who is enveloped in it as in an atmosphere. It was this that gave

him both the great shyness and profound sense of the weariness of life which his friend Mr. Dicey recently portrayed so admirably in the sketch in *Macmillan's Magazine*. It was to him that Hawthorne remarked, when they were discussing the question of the immediate resurrection or prolonged sleep of the soul after death, that he trusted there would be at least a sleep of a thousand years or so, for rest and restored vitality, before the labor of a new life began. That expresses precisely the literary impression conveyed by all his tales, of a mind operating with difficulty on the world through a long line of communications which it took much labor to put in motion,—of an eye watching acutely from the recesses of a cave the forms that flit to and fro in the sunlight before its mouth, but hardly caring to establish any system of mutual recognition. All his finest conceptions are removed in this way into an atmosphere of intellectual solitude, painful and burdensome in itself, more painful and more burdensome to break through; and when he wrote his tale of "The Minister's Black Veil,"—of the clergyman who to typify the inaccessible solitude of every human heart puts a black veil over his face which no one is to remove, and so, while he frightens away his betrothed wife and all his friends, gains a mysterious spiritual power over the imagination of his flock,—he did but write a parable of his own life. And this great characteristic of Mr. Hawthorne's imagination which, like aged sight, magnified even while it interposed a separating film between him and the outer world, gave him peculiar advantages for the story of which we have here a brief but exquisite commencement.

In a New England town or village, a great-grandfather is left the only guardian of a child of three years of age, their house standing on the edge of the burial-ground where all the old man's relatives and descendants lie buried, and all that we have left us of the story is Mr. Hawthorne's opening delineation of the old man and the tie between him and the child,—the "unfrozen drop of youthfulness" which sometimes expands in the former's veins, diminishing the otherwise painful distance between him and the world, and almost restoring to him for a moment that tendency to repudiate age and feebleness as essentially unnatural to man which, as Mr. Hawthorne truly says, lurks somewhere

\* "Pansie." By Nathaniel Hawthorne,—his last literary effort. London: John Camden Hotten.

even in the recesses of the most sluggish and age-worn heart. No picture more exquisite and minute of the slow mental pulses of age, of the gradual retreat of life into the last stronghold and the occasional sallies that it makes thence, as a spring sunbeam, or a child's hand and voice, or the sip of a cordial, or any other accidental influence for a moment restores some of the vivacity of former sensation, has ever been drawn than this by Hawthorne of the aged apothecary, Dr. Dolliver, as he still feebly clings to the guardianship of his great-grandchild Pansie. He has availed himself of his own experience of a nature far withdrawn from the tingling sympathies of the outer world, to depict the state of a mind where the chills of old age had produced what peculiarity of organization had effected for himself.

"While the patriarch was putting on his small-clothes, he took care to stand in the parallelogram of bright sunshine that fell upon the uncarpeted floor. The summer warmth was very genial to his system, and yet made him shiver; his wintry veins rejoiced at it, though the reviving blood tingled through them with a half-painful and only half-pleasurable titillation. For the first few moments after creeping out of bed, he kept his back to the sunny window, and seemed mysteriously shy of glancing thitherward; but as the June fervor pervaded him more and more thoroughly, he turned bravely about, and looked forth at a burial-ground on the corner of which he dwelt. There lay many an old acquaintance, who had gone to sleep with the flavor of Dr. Dolliver's tinctures and powders upon his tongue; it was the patient's final bitter taste of this world, and perhaps doomed to be a recollected nausea in the next. Yesterday, in the chill of his forlorn oldage, the doctor expected soon to stretch out his weary bones among that quiet community, and might scarcely have shrunk from the prospect on his own account, except, indeed, that he dreamily mixed up the infirmities of his present condition with the repose of the approaching one, being haunted by a notion that the damp earth, under the grass and dandelions, must needs be pernicious for his cough and his rheumatism. But this morning, the cheerful sunbeams, or the mere taste of his grandson's cordial that he had taken at bedtime, or the fitful vigor that often sports irreverently with aged people, had caused an unfrozen drop of youthfulness, somewhere within him, to expand.—'Hem! ahem!' quoth the doctor, hoping with one effort to clear his throat of the dregs of a ten years' cough. 'Matters

are not so far gone with me as I thought. I have known mighty sensible men, when only a little age-stricken or otherwise out of sorts, to die of mere faint-heartedness a great deal sooner than they need.'—He shook his silvery head at his own image in the looking-glass, as if to impress the apophthegm on that shadowy representative of himself; and for his part he determined to pluck up a spirit and live as long as he possibly could, if it were only for the sake of little Pansie, who stood as close to one extremity of human life as her great-grandfather to the other. This child of three years old occupied all the unfossilized portion of good Dr. Dolliver's heart. Every other interest that he formerly had, and the entire confraternity of persons whom he once loved, had long ago departed, and the poor doctor could not follow them because the grasp of Pansie's baby fingers held him back."

Nor is the picture of the little girl, though much less complete,—scarcely indeed commenced,—less touching so far as it is given at all. The child was intended, we imagine, to be moulded by her forlorn destiny into early imperiousness and yet a melancholy concentrated tenderness and dreamy wonder, and to be almost as far removed from the rest of mankind by the peculiarity of her education, and the shadow of her parents and grandparents' neighboring graves, as her grandsire is by the dulness of failing sense:—

"Half-way to the bottom, however, the doctor heard the impatient and authoritative tones of little Pansie—Queen Pansie, as she might fairly have been styled, in reference to her position in the household—calling amain for grandpapa and breakfast. He was startled into such perilous activity by the summons that his heels slid on the stairs, the slippers were shuffled off his feet, and he saved himself from a tumble only by quickening his pace and coming down at almost a run. 'Mercy on my poor old bones!' mentally exclaimed the doctor, fancying himself fractured in fifty places. 'Some of them are broken surely, and methinks my heart has leaped out of my mouth! What! all right? Well, well! but Providence is kinder to me than I deserve, prancing down this steep staircase like a kid of three months old!' He bent stiffly to gather up his slippers and fallen staff; and meanwhile Pansie had heard the tumult of her great-grandfather's descent, and was pounding against the door of the breakfast-room in her haste to come at him. The doctor opened it, and there she stood, a rather pale and large-eyed little thing, quaint in her aspect, as might well be the case with



a motherless child, dwelling in an uncheerful house, with no other playmate than a decrepit old man and a kitten, and no better atmosphere within doors than the odor of decayed apothecary's stuff, nor gayer neighborhood than that of the adjacent burial-ground, where all her relatives, from her great-grandmother downward, lay calling to her, 'Pansie, Pansie, it is bedtime!' even in the prime of the summer morning. For those dead womenfolk, especially her mother and the whole row of maiden aunts and grand-aunts, could not but be anxious about the child, knowing that little Pansie would be far safer under a tuft of dandelions than if left alone, as she soon must be, in this difficult and deceitful world."

It is sad that a picture begun with outlines so clear and shades so delicate should be so mere a fragment; but it is a fragment which embodies more of the essence of Hawthorne's genius than almost any other of equal length in all his writings. The last lines which he appears to have written are, as poet's last words (and in some sense Hawthorne was a poet) so often have been, a sort of farewell to the world, and a farewell as musical as it was probably unconscious,—sounding as if the deepest chords of his nature had just been touched by a breath of inspiration:—

"And there were seasons, it might be, happier than even these, when Pansie had been kissed and put to bed, and Grandsir Dolliver sat by his fireside, gazing in among the massive coals, and absorbing their glow

into those cavernous abysses with which all men communicate. Hence come angels or fiends into our twilight musings, according as we may have peopled them in bygone years. Over our friend's face, in the rosy flicker of the fire-gleam, stole an expression of repose and perfect trust that made him as beautiful to look at, in his high-backed chair, as the child Pansie on her pillow; and sometimes the spirits that were watching him beheld a calm surprise draw slowly over his features and brighten into joy, yet not so vividly as to break his evening quietude. The gate of heaven had been kindly left ajar, that this forlorn old creature might catch a glimpse within. All the night afterwards he would be semi-conscious of an intangible bliss diffused through the fitful lapses of an old man's slumber, and would awake, at early dawn, with a faint thrilling of the heartstrings, as if there had been music just now wandering over them."

There is in that sentence a silvery beauty, which Hawthorne himself has seldom equalled. It is curious that by far the most original of American literary men strikes us so often both in style and substance, as nearer the classical standard of English authors than any Englishman we could produce. New England has filtered away much of the richness and also much of the impurity of Anglo-Saxon genius. There is something exquisitely delicate, but refined away almost to gossamer, in the tissue of the noblest genius of the New World.

IDEAS ABOUT WOMEN.—A French book, recently published at Brussels, contains, among other interesting matters, a collection of aphorisms about women, taken from the writings of various authors. We copy a few of them: Chamfort.—In the choice of a lover, woman considers more how he appears in the eyes of other women than in her own. Love is more pleasing than matrimony, just as romance is more pleasing than history. Bonquart.—If we speak ill of the sex generally, they will rise against us; if we do the same of any individual woman, they will agree with us. Charles Lemle.—Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities. Daniel Sterne.—Most of women are endowed with such naturally endearing charms that even their very presence is generally beneficial. Madame De Stael.—Love in a woman's life is a history; in a man's an episode. Catalina.—Only he who has nothing to hold from a woman is truly sincere in her praise. Diderot.—There exists among women a secret tie, like that among priests of the same faith. They hate each other, yet protect each other's interests. Stuhl.—No woman, even the most intellectual, believes herself decidedly

homely. The self-deception is natural; for there are some most charming women without a particle of beauty. Octave Feuillet.—Providence has so ordered it that only two women have a true interest in the happiness of a man,—his own mother and the mother of his children. Besides these two legitimate kinds of love, there is nothing between the two creatures except painful and idle delusion. Alphonse Carr.—Say of a woman that she is wicked, obstinate, frivolous, but add that she is beautiful, and be assured that she will ever think kindly of you. Say that she is good, kind, virtuous, sensible, but very homely, and she will never forget you in her life. Madame De Maintenon.—In everything that women write there will be thousands of faults against grammar, but also to a certainty always a charm never to be found in the letters of men. Duclos.—Great and rare heart-offerings are found almost exclusively among women; nearly almost all the happiness and most blessed moments in love are of their creation, and so, also, friendship, especially when it follows love. J. J. Rousseau.—Men can better philosophize on the human heart, but women can read it better.

## PART X.—CHAPTER XXIX.

THE place which the Meredith's had chosen for their residence was Frascati, where everything was quieter, and most things cheaper, than in Rome,—to which, besides, the brother and sister had objections, founded on former passages in their family history, of which their new friends were but partially aware; and to Frascati, accordingly, the two Scotch pilgrims were drawn with them. Colin having, as usual, persevered in his own way, and obtained it, as Lauderdale prophesied, the arrangement came about, naturally enough, after the ten days' close company on board ship, when young Meredith, whom most people were either contemptuous of, or inclined to avoid, found refuge with his new friends, who, though they did not agree with him, at least understood what he meant. He slackened nothing of those exertions which he thought to be his duty,—and on which, perhaps unconsciously, the young invalid rather prided himself, as belonging to his rôle of dying man—during the remainder of the voyage; but, finding one of the sailors ill, succeeded in making such an impression upon the poor fellow's uninstructed and uncertain mind as repaid him, he said, for all the exertions he had made. After that event, he passed by very often to the fore-castle to pray with his convert, being, perhaps, disposed to the opinion that they two were the salt of the earth to their small community; for which proceeding he was called fool, and fanatic, and Methodist, and a great many other hard names by the majority of his fellow-passengers,—some of whom, indeed, being, like most ordinary people, totally unable to discriminate between things that differ, confidently expected to hear of some secret vice on the part of Meredith; such things being always found out, as they maintained, of people who considered themselves better than their neighbors. "After a while, it will be found out what he's up to," said a comfortable passenger, who knew the world; "such fellows always have their private peccadilloes. I dare say he don't go so often to the fore-castle for nothing. The stewardess aint bad-looking, and I've seen our saint engaged in private conversation when he didn't know I was there," said the large-minded Christian who denounced poor Meredith's uncharitableness. And, to be sure, he was uncharitable, poor fellow. As for Colin, and,

indeed, Lauderdale also, who had been attracted, in spite of himself, they looked on with a wonderful interest, from amid-ships, knowing better. They saw him dragging his sister after him, as far as she could go, along the crowded deck, when he went to visit his patient,—neither he, whose thoughts were occupied solely with matters of life and death, nor she, who was thinking entirely of him, having any idea that the dark dormitory below, among the sailors' hammocks, was an unfit place for her. It was Colin who stepped forward to rescue the girl from this unnecessary trial, and Meredith gave her up to him, with as little idea that this, too, was a doubtful expedient, as he had had of anything unsuitable in his original intention. "It is a privilege, if she but knew it," the invalid would say, fixing his hollow eyes on her, as if half doubtful whether he approved of her or not; and poor Alice stayed behind him, with a bad grace, without feeling much indebted on her own account to her new friends. "It does not matter where I go, so long as I am with him," she said, following him with her anxious looks; and she stopped seated patiently upon her bench, with her eyes fixed on the spot where he had disappeared, until he rejoined her. When Arthur's little prayer-meeting was ended, he came with a severe, and yet serene, countenance towards the sister he had left behind him, and the two friends who did not propose to accompany him. "He is a child of God," said the sick man; "his experiences are a great comfort to me"—and he looked with a little defiance at the companions, who, to be sure, so far as the carnal mind was concerned, were more congenial to him. Indeed, the new chapter of the "Voice from the grave" was all about Lauderdale and Colin. They were described under the initials N. and M., with a heightening of all their valuable qualities, which was intended to make more and more apparent their want of the "one thing needful." They were like the rich young man whom Jesus loved, but who had not the heart to give up all and follow him,—like "him who, through cowardice, made the great refusal." The sick man wrote without, however, quoting Dante, and he contrasted with their virtuous and thoughtful worldliness the condition of his convert, who knew nothing but the love of God, poor Meredith said. Perhaps it was true that the sick sailor knew

the love of God, and certainly the prayers of the dying apostle were not less likely to reach the ear of the Divine Majesty for being uttered by the poor fellow's bedside. But, though he wrote a chapter in his book about them, Meredith still clung to his friends. The unseen and unknown were familiar to their thoughts,—perhaps even too familiar, being considered by them as reasonably and naturally interesting; and poor Meredith was disposed to think that anything natural must be more or less wicked. But still he considered them interesting, and thought he might be able to do them good, and, for his own part, found all the human comfort he was capable of in their society. Thus it was that, with mutual companions and sympathy,—he sorry for them and they for him, and mutual good offices,—the three grew into friendship. As for Alice, her brother was fond of her, but had never had his attention specially attracted to her, nor been led to imagine her a companion for himself. She was his tender little nurse and attendant,—a creature made up of loving, watchful eyes, and anxious little noiseless cares. He would have missed her terribly, had she failed him, without quite knowing what it was he missed. But, though he was in the habit of instructing her now and then, it did not occur to him to talk to his sister. She was a creature of another species,—an unawakened soul, with few thoughts or feelings worth speaking of. At least such was the estimate her brother had formed of her, and in which Alice herself agreed to a great extent. It was not exactly humility that kept the anxious girl in this mind, but an undisturbed habit and custom, out of which no personal impulse had delivered her. The women of her kindred had never been remarkable one way or another. They were good women,—perfectly virtuous and a little tiresome, as even Alice was sensible; and it had not been the custom of the men of the house to consult or confide in their partners. Her mother and aunts had found quite enough to occupy them in housekeeping and needlework, and had accepted it as a matter of faith that men, except, perhaps, when in love, or in “a passion,” did not care to talk to women,—a family creed from which so young and submissive a girl had not dreamt of enfranchising herself. Accordingly, she accepted quite calmly Arthur's low estimate of her powers

of companionship, and was moved by no injured feeling when he sought the company of his new friends, and gave himself up to the pleasure of conversation. It was the most natural thing in the world to Alice. She kept by him, holding by his arm when he and his companions walked about the deck together, as long as there was room for her; and when there was no room, she withdrew and sat down on the nearest seat, and took out a little bit of needlework which never made any progress; for, though her intellect could not do Arthur any good, the anxious scrutiny of her eyes could,—or at least she seemed to think so. Very often, it was true, she was joined in her watch by Colin; of whom, however, it never occurred to her to think under any other possible aspect than that of Arthur's friend. Lauderdale might have spared his anxieties so far as that went; for, notwithstanding a certain proclivity on the part of Colin to female friendship, Alice was too entirely unconscious, too utterly devoid of any sense or feeling of self, to be interesting to the young man. Perhaps a certain amount of self-regard is necessary to attract the regard of others. Alice was not aware of herself at all, and her insensibility communicated itself to her silent companion. He sometimes even wondered if her intelligence was up to the ordinary level, and then felt ashamed of himself when by chance she lifted upon him her wistful eyes; not that those eyes were astonishingly bright, or conveyed any intimations of hidden power,—but they looked, as they were, unawakened, suggestive eyes, which might wake up at any moment and develop unthought-of lights. But, on the whole, this twilight was too dim to interest Colin, except by moments; and it was incomprehensible, and to some extent provoking and vexatious, to the young man, to see by his side a creature so young, and with so many natural graces, who neutralized them all by her utter indifference to herself.

So that, after all, it came to be a very natural and reasonable step to accompany the Merediths, to whose knowledge of the country and language even Lauderdale found himself indebted when suddenly thrown without warning upon the tumultuous crowd of Leghorn boatmen, which was his first foreign experience. “They all understand French,” a benevolent fellow-passenger said, as he went

on before them ; which did not convey the consolation it was intended to bear to the two Scotch travellers, who only looked at each other sheepishly, and laughed with a very mixed and doubtful sort of mirth, not liking to commit themselves. They had to give themselves up blindly into the hands of Meredith and his sister,—for Alice felt herself of some importance in a country where she “knew the language,”—and it was altogether in the train of these two that Colin and Lauderdale were dragged along, like a pair of English captives, through the very gates of Rome itself, and across the solemn Campagna to the little city set upon a hill, to which the sick man was bound. They made their way to it in a spring afternoon when the sun was inclining towards the west, throwing long shadows of those long, weird, endless arches of the Claudian aqueduct across the green wastes, and shining full upon the white specks of scattered villages on the Alban hills. The landscape would have been impressive, even had it conveyed no associations to the minds of the spectators. But, as the reluctant strangers left Rome, they saw unfold before them a noble semicircle of hills,—the Sabines, blue and mysterious, on one side, the Latin range breaking bluntly into the centre of the ring, and towards the right hand the softer Alban heights with their lakes hidden in the hollows, and the sunshine falling full upon their crest of towns ; and, when they had mounted the steep ascent to Frascati, it was still more wonderful to look back and see the sunset arranging itself over that great Campagna, falling into broad radiant bands of color with inconceivable tints and shadings, betraying in a sudden flash the distant sea, and shining all misty and golden over the dwarfed dome of St. Peter's, which rose up by itself with a wonderful insignificance of grandeur,—all Rome around being blotted into oblivion. That would have been a sight to linger over, had not Meredith been weary and worn out, and eager to get to his journey's end. “You will see it often enough,” he said, with a little petulance ; “neither the sunset nor St. Peter's can run away :” for it was to himself a sufficiently familiar sight. They went in accordingly to a large house, which, a little to the disappointment of Colin, was just as square and ugly as anything he could have found at home, though it stood all the days and nights gazing with

many eyes over that Campagna which looked like a thing to dream over forever. It was the third story of this house—the upper floor—to which Meredith and his sister directed their steps ; Colin and Lauderdale following them, not without a little expectation, natural enough under the circumstances. It was cold, and they were tired, though not so much as the invalid ; and they looked for a bright fire, a comfortable room, and a good meal,—with a little curiosity, it is true, about the manner of it, but none as to the blazing fire and spread board and all the other items indispensable to comfort, according to English ideas. The room where they got admittance was very large, and full of windows, letting in a flood of light, which, as the sunshine was now too low to enter, was cold light,—white, colorless, and chilling. Not a vestige of carpet was on the tiled floor, except before the fireplace, where a square piece of a curious coarse fabric and wonderful pattern had been laid down. A few logs were burning on the wide hearth, and close by was a little stack of wood intended to replenish the fire. The great desert room contained a world of tables and four uncushioned chairs ; but the tired travellers looked in vain for the spread board which had pleased their imagination. If Colin had thought the house too like an ordinary ugly English house outside to satisfy him, he found this abundantly made up for now by the interior, so unlike anything English ; for the walls were painted with a brilliant landscape set in a frame of brilliant scarlet curtains, which the simple-minded artist had looped across his sky without any hesitation ; and underneath this most gorgeous bit of fresco was set a table against the wall, upon which were spread out an humble store of little brown rolls, a square slice of butter, a basin full of eggs, and a flask of oil,—the humble provisions laid in by the attendant Maria, who had rushed forward to kiss the young lady's hand when she opened the door. While the two inexperienced Scotch travellers stood horror-stricken, their companions, who were aware of what they were coming to, threw down their wraps and began to settle themselves in this extraordinary desert. Meredith for his part threw himself into a large primitive easy-chair which stood by the fire. “This is a comfort I did not look for,” he said ; “and, thank Heaven, here we are at last.” He drew a long breath



of satisfaction as he stretched out his long, meagre limbs before the fire. "Come in and make yourselves comfortable. Alice will attend to everything else," he said, glaring back at his annoyed companions, who, finding themselves in some degree his guests, had to subdue their feelings. They came and sat by him, exchanging looks of dismay,—looks which, perhaps, he perceived; for he drew in his long, languid limbs, and made a little room for the others. "Many things, of course, that are necessary in our severe climate are unnecessary here," he said, with a slight shiver; and, as he spoke, he reached out his hand for one of the wraps he had thrown off, and drew it round his shoulders. That action gave a climax to the universal discomfort. Colin and Lauderdale once more looked at each other with mutual comments that could find no utterance in words,—the only audible expression of their mutual sentiment being an exclamation of "Climate!" from the latter in an undertone of unspeakable surprise and consternation. This, then, was the Italy of which they had dreamed! The mistress's parlor on the Holy Loch was words could not tell how much warmer and more genial. The tired travellers turned towards the fire as the only possible gleam of consolation, and Meredith put out his long, thin arm to seize another log and place it on the hearth; even he felt the difference. He had done nothing to help himself till he came here; but habits of indulgence dropped off on the threshold of this Spartan dwelling. Colin repeated within himself Lauderdale's exclamation, "Climate!" as he shivered in his chair. No doubt the invalid chair by the fireside on the banks of the Holy Loch was a very different thing, as far as comfort was concerned.

In the mean time Alice found herself in command of the position. Humble little woman as she was, there came by moments, even to her, a compassionate contempt for the male creatures who got hungry and sulky after this fashion, and could only sit down ill-tempered and disconsolate before the fire. Alice, for her part, sent off Maria to the trattoria, and cheerfully prepared to feed the creatures who did not know how to set about it for themselves. When she had done her utmost, however, there was still a look of dismay on Colin's face. The dinner from the trattoria was a thing altogether foreign to the experi-

ences of the two Scotchmen. They suspected it while they ate, making secret wry faces to each other across the equivocal board. This was the land of poets into which they had come,—the land of the ideal where, according to their inexperienced imaginations, everything was to share the general refinement! But, alas, there was nothing refined about the dinner from the trattoria, which was altogether a native production, and with which the Merediths, being acquainted and knowing what they had to expect, contented themselves well enough. When Lauderdale and his charge retired, chilled to the bone, to their stony, chilly bedrooms, where everything seemed to convey not warmth but a sensation of freezing, they looked at each other with amazement and disgust on their faces. "Callant, you would have been twenty times better at home," said Lauderdale, with a remorseful groan; "and, as for those poor innocents who have nobody to look after them—but they kent what they were coming to," he continued, with a flash of momentary anger. Altogether it was as unsuccessful a beginning as could well be imagined of the ideal poetic Italian life.

## CHAPTER XXX.

It is impossible to deny that, except in hotels which are cosmopolitan, and chiefly adapted to the many wants of the rich English, life in Italy is a hard business enough for the inexperienced traveller, who knows the strange country into which he has suddenly dropped rather by means of poetical legends than by the facts of actual existence. A country of vineyards and orange-groves, of everlasting verdure and sunshine is, indeed, in its way, a true enough description of a many-sided country: but these words of course convey no intimation of the terrors of an Italian palace in the depth of winter, when everything is stone-cold, and the possibilities of artificial warmth are of the most limited description; where the idea of doors and windows closely fitting has never entered the primitive mind, and where the cardinal virtue of patience and endurance of necessary evils wraps the contented native sufferer like the cloak which he hugs round him. Yet, notwithstanding, even Lauderdale relaxed out of the settled gloom on his face when he went to the window of the great bare sitting-room and gazed out upon the grand expanse



of the Campagna, lighted up with the morning sunshine. The silence of that depopulated plain, with its pathetic bits of ruin here and there,—ruins, to be sure, identified and written down in books, but for themselves speaking, with a more woful and suggestive voice than can be conveyed by any historical associations, through the very depths of their dumbness and loss of all distinction,—went to the spectator's heart. What they were or had been, what human hands had erected or human hearts rejoiced in them their lingering remains had ceased to tell; and it was only with a vagueness which is sadder than any story that they indicated a former forgotten existence, a past too far away to be decipherable. Lauderdale laid his hand on Colin's shoulder, and drew him away. "Ay, ay," he said, with an unusual thrill in his voice, "it's grand to hear that yon's Soracte, and thereaway is the Sabine country, and that's Rome, lying away among the clouds. It's no Rome, callant; it's a big kirk, or heathen temple, or whatever you like to call it. I'm no heeding about Rome. It's the awfu' presence of the dead, and the skies smiling at them—that's a' I see. Come away with me, and let's see if there's ony living creatures left. It's an awfu' thought to come into a man's head in connection with that bonnie innocent sky," the philosopher continued, with a slight shudder, as he drew his charge with him down the chilly staircase; "but it's aye bewildering to one to see the indifference o' Nature. It's terrible like as if she was a senseless heathen hersel', and cared nothing about nobody. No that I'm asserting that to be the case; but it's gruesome to look at her smiles and her wiles, as if she kent no better. I'm no addicted to little bairns in a general way," said Lauderdale, drawing a long breath, as he emerged from the great door, and suddenly found himself in the midst of a group of ragged little picturesque savages; "but it's aye a comfort to see that there's still living creatures in the world."

"It is not for the living creatures, however, that people come to Italy," said Colin. "Stop here and have another look at the Campagna. I am not of your opinion about nature. Sometimes tears themselves are less pathetic than a smile."

"Where did you learn that, callant?" said his friend. "But there's plenty of time

for the Campagna, and I have aye an awfu' interest in human folk. What do the little animals mean, raging like a set of little furies? Laddies, if you've quarrelled, fight it out like men instead of scolding like a parcel of fishwives," said the indignant stranger, addressing himself to a knot of boys who were playing mona. When he found his remonstrance disregarded, Lauderdale seized what appeared to him the two ringleaders, and held them, one in each hand, with the apparent intention of knocking their heads together, entirely undisturbed by the outcries and struggles of his victims, as well as by the voluble explanations of the rest of the party. "It's no use talking nonsense to me," said the inexorable judge; "they shall either hold their tongues, the little cowardly wretches, or they shall fight!"

It was, luckily, at this moment that Alice Meredith made her appearance, going out to provide for the wants of her family like a careful little housewife. Her explanation filled Lauderdale with unbounded shame and dismay. "It's an awful drawback no to understand the language said the philosopher, with a rush of burning color to his face; for, Lauderdale, like various other people, could not help entertaining an idea, in spite of his better knowledge, that English (or what he was pleased to call English), spoken with due force and emphasis, was sure in the end to be perfectly intelligible. Having received this sad lesson, he shrank out of sight with the utmost discomfiture, holding Colin fast, who betrayed an inclination to accompany Alice. "This will never do; we'll have to put to our hands and learn," said Colin's guardian. "I never put much faith before in that Babel business. It's awfu' humbling to be made a fool of by a parcel of bairns." Lauderdale did not recover his humiliating defeat during the lengthened survey which followed of the little town and its dependencies, where now and then they encountered the slight little figure of Alice walking alone, with a freedom permitted (and wondered at) to the Signora Inglese, who thus declared her independence. They met her at the baker's, where strings of biscuits, made in the shape of rings, hung like garlands about the door, and where the little Englishwoman was using all her power to seduce the master of the shop into the manufacture of *pane Inglese*, bread made

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with yeast instead of leaven; and they met her again in the dark vicinity of the trattoria, consulting with a dingy *traiteur* about dinner. Fortunately for the success of the meal, the strangers were unaware that it was out of these dingy shades that their repast was to come. Thus the two rambled about, recovering their spirits a little as the first glow of the Italian sunshine stole over them, and finding summer in the bright piazza, though winter and gloom lingered in the narrow streets. Last of all they entered the cathedral, which was a place the two friends approached with different feelings. Colin's mind being full of the curiosity of a man who was himself to be a priest, and who felt to a certain degree that the future devotions and even government of his country was in his hands, he was consequently quick to observe, and even, notwithstanding the prejudices of education, not disinclined to learn, if anything worth learning was to be seen in the quiet country church, where at present nothing beyond the ordinary service was going on. Lauderdale, in whose mind a lively and animated army of prejudices was in full operation, though met and crossed at every turn by an equally lively belief in the truth of his fellow-creatures,—which was a sad drawback to his philosophy,—went into the Frascati Cathedral with a curious mixture of open criticism and concealed respect, not unusual in a Scotchman. He was even ashamed of himself for his own alacrity in taking off his hat, as if one place could be holier than another; yet, nevertheless, stowed his gaunt, gigantic figure away behind the pillars, and did what he could to walk softly, lest he should disturb the devotions of one or two kneeling women, who, however, paused with perfect composure to look at the strangers without apparently being conscious of any interruption. As for Colin, he was inspecting the arrangements of the cathedral at his leisure, when a sudden exclamation from Lauderdale attracted his attention. He thought his friend had got into some new bewilderment, and hastened to join him, looking round first, with the helplessness of a speechless stranger in a foreign country, to see if there were any one near who could explain for them in case of necessity. When, however, Colin had joined his friend, he found him standing rapt and silent before a

tombstone covered with lettering which was placed against the wall of the church. Lauderdale made a curious, unsteady sign, pointing to it, as Colin approached. It was a pompous Latin inscription, recording imaginary grandeurs which had never existed, and bearing the names of three British kings who never reigned. Neither of the spectators who thus stood moved and speechless before it had been brought up with any Jacobite tendencies,—indeed, Jacobite ideas had died out of all reality before either of them was born,—but Lauderdale, Whig and sceptic as he was, uttered hoarsely out of his throat the two words, "Prince Charlie!" and then stood silent, gazing at the stone with its pompous Latin lies and its sorrowful human story, as if it had been, not an extinct family, but something of his own blood and kindred which had lain underneath. Thus the two strangers went out, subdued and silenced, from their first sight-seeing. It was not in man, nor in Scotchman, to see the names and not remember all the wonderful vain devotion, all the blind heroic efforts that had been made for these extinct Stuarts; and, with a certain instinctive loyalty, reverential yet protesting, Colin and his friend turned away from Charles Edward's grave.

"Well," said Lauderdale, after a long pause, "they were little to brag of, either for wisdom or honesty, and no credit to us that I can see; but it comes over a man with an awfu' strange sensation to fall suddenly without any warning on the grave of a race that was once in such active connection with his own. 'Jacobus III., Carolus III., Henricus IX.'—is that how it goes? It's terrible real, that inscription, though it's a' a fiction. They might be a feckless race; but, for a' that, it was awfu' hard, when you think of it, upon Prince Charlie. He was neither a fool nor a liar, so far as I ever heard,—which is more than you can say for other members of the family; and he had to give way, and give up his birthright for the miserable little wretches from Hanover. I dinna so much wonder, when I think of it, at the '45. It was a pleasant alternative for a country, callant, to choose between a bit Dutch idiot that knew nothing, and the son of her auld kings. I'm no speaking of William of Orange,—he's awfu' overrated, and a cold-blooded demon, but aye a kind of a man

notwithstanding,—but thae Hanoverfellows—  
And so on's Prince Chairlie's grave!"

Just then Meredith, who had come out to bask in the sunshine, came up to them, and took, as he had learned to do by way of supporting himself, Lauderdale's vigorous arm.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "that the Pretender's grave was there. I never enter these churches of Antichrist if I can help it. Life is too short to be wasted even in looking on at the wiles of the destroyer. Oh that we could do something to deliver these dying souls!"

"I saw little of the wiles of the destroyer for my part," said Lauderdale, abruptly; "and, as for the Pretender, there's many pretenders, and it's awfu' hard to tell which is real. I know no harm of Prince Chairlie, the little I do know of him. If it had been mysel', I'm no free in my mind to say that I would have let go my father's inheritance without striking a blow."

"These are the ideas of the carnal mind," said Meredith. "Oh, my friend, if you would but be more serious! Does not your arrival in this country suggest to you another arrival which cannot be long delayed,—which indeed, for some of us at least, may happen any day," the sick man continued, putting out his long, thin hand to clasp that of Colin, who was on the opposite side. Lauderdale, who saw this gesture, started aside with a degree of violence which prevented the meeting of the two invalid hands.

"I know little about this country," he said, almost with sullenness; "but I know still less about the other. It's easy for you, callants, to speak. I'm real willing to make experiment of it, if that were possible," he continued, softening; "but there's no an ignorant soul hereabouts that is more ignorant than me."

"Let us read together,—let us consider it together," said Meredith; "it is all set down very plain, you know. He that runneth may read. In all the world there is nothing so important. My friend, you took pains to understand about Italy!"

"And a bonnie business I made of it," said Lauderdale; "deluded by the very bairns; set free by one that's little more than a bairn, that little sister of yours; and not letting myself be drawn into discussions! I'm twenty years, or near it, older than you are," he went on, "and I've walked with

them that have gone away *yonder*, as far as flesh and blood would let me. I'm no mis-doubting anything that's written, callant, if that will satisfy you. It's a' an awful, darkness with visions of white angels here and there; but the angels dinna belong to me. Whisht—whisht,—I'm no profane; I'm wanting more,—more than what's written; and, as I cannot get that, I must even wait till I see for myself.—Here's a grand spot for looking at your Campagna now," he said, breaking abruptly off; but poor Meredith, who had so little time to spare, and whose words had to be in season and out of season, could not consent to follow, as a man without so great a mission might have done, the leading of his companion's thoughts.

"The Campagna is very interesting," he said, "but it is nothing to the safety of your soul. Oh, my dear friend!—and here is Campbell, too, who is not far from the kingdom of heaven. Promise me that you will come with me," said the dying man. "I shall not be able to stay long with you. Promise me that you will come and join me *there*!" He put out his thin arm, and raised it toward the sky, which kept smiling always serene, and took no note of these outbursts of human passion. "I will wait for you at the golden gates," the invalid went on, fixing his hollow eyes first on one and then on another. "You will be my joy and crown of rejoicing! You cannot refuse the prayer of a dying man."

Colin, who was young, and upon whom the shadow of these golden gates was still hovering, held out his hand this time, touched to the heart. "I am coming," he said, softly, almost under his breath, but yet loud enough to catch the quick ear of Lauderdale, whose sudden movement displaced Meredith's arm, which was clinging almost like a woman's to his own.

"It's no for a man to make any such unfounded promises," said Lauderdale, hoarsely; "though you read till your heart's sick, there's nothing written like *that*. It's a' imaginations and yearnings and dreams. I'm no saying that it cannot be, or that it will not be, but I tell you there's no such thing written; and as far as I ken or you ken, it may be a delusion and disappointment. Whisht, whisht, callants! Dinna entice each other out of this world, where there's aye plenty to do for the like of you.

I'm saying,—“Silence, sir!” cried the philosopher, with sudden desperation. And then he became aware that he had withdrawn the support which Meredith stood so much in need of. “A sober-minded man like me should have other company than a couple of laddies, with their fancies,” he said, in a hurried, apologetic tone; “but, as long as we're together, you may as well take the good of me,” he added, with a rare, momentary smile, holding out his arm. As for Meredith, for once in his life,—partly because of a little more emotion than usual, partly because his weakness felt instantly the withdrawal of a support which had become habitual to him,—he felt beyond a possibility of doubt that further words would be out of season just at that moment, and so they resumed their way a little more silently than usual. The road, like other Italian roads, was marked by here and there a rude shrine in a niche in the wall, or a cross erected by the wayside,—neither of which objects possessed in the smallest degree the recommendation of picturesqueness which sentimental travellers attribute to them; for the crosses were of the rudest construction, as rude as if meant for actual use, and the poor little niches, each with its red-eyed Madonna daubed on the wall, suggested no more idea of beauty than the most arbitrary symbol could have done. But Meredith's soul awoke within him when he saw the looks with which Colin regarded these shabby emblems of religious feeling. The Protestant paused to regain his breath, and could keep silence no more.

“You look with interest at these devices of Antichrist,” said the sick man. “You think they promote a love of beauty, I suppose, or you think them picturesque. You don't think how they ruin the souls of those who trust in them,” he said, eagerly and loudly; for they were passing another English party, which was at the moment engaged in contemplating the cross, without much apparent admiration, and already the young missionary longed to accost them, and put the solemn questions about life and death to their (presumably) careless souls.

“They don't appear to me at all picturesque,” said Colin; “and nobody looks at them that I can see except ourselves; so they can't ruin many souls. But you and I don't agree in all things, Meredith. I like the

cross, you know. It does not seem to me to come amiss anywhere. Perhaps the uglier and ruder it is it becomes the more suggestive,” the young man added, with a little emotion. “I should like to build a few crosses along our Scotch roads; if anybody was moved to pray, I can't see what harm would be done; or, if anybody was surprised by a sudden thought, it might be all the better even; one has heard of such a thing,” said Colin, whose heart was still a little out of its usual balance. “A stray gleam of sunshine might come out of it here and there. If I was rich like some of you merchants, Lauderdale,” he said, laughing a little, “I think, instead of a few fine dinners, I'd build a cross somewhere. I don't see that it would come amiss on a Scotch road.”

“I wish you would think of something else than Scotch roads,” said Meredith, with a little vexation; “when I speak of things that concern immortal souls, you answer me something about Scotland. What is Scotland to the salvation of a fellow-creature? I would rather that Scotland, or England either, was sunk to the bottom of the sea than stand by and see a man dying in his sins.”

The two Scotchmen looked at each other as he spoke; they smiled to each other with a perfect understanding, which conveyed another pang of irritation to the invalid, who by nature had a spirit which insisted upon being first and best beloved. “You see,” said Lauderdale, who had entirely recovered his composure, “this callant, innocent as he looks, has a consciousness within him that Scotland's his kingdom. His meaning is to mould his generation with these feckless hands of his. It's a ridiculous aspiration,” continued Colin's guardian, “but that makes it a' the more likely: he's thinking what he'll do when he comes into his kingdom. I wouldna say but he would institute decorations, and give crosses of honor like any other potentate. That's what the callant means,” said his friend, with pride which was very imperfectly hidden by his pretended sarcasm,—a speech which only made Meredith more impatient, and to which he had no clew. “I think we'd better go home,” he said, abruptly. “I know Scotch pretty well, but can't quite follow when you speak on these subjects. I want to have a talk with Maria about her brother, who used to be



very religiously disposed. Poor fellow, he's ill now, and I've got something for him," said the young man. Here he paused, and drew forth from his pocket a sheet folded like a map, which he opened out carefully, looking first to see that there was nobody on the road. "They took them for maps at the dogana," said Meredith; "and geography is not prohibited,—to the English at least; but this is better than geography. I mean to send it to poor Antonio, who can read, poor fellow." The map, which was no map, consisted of a large sheet of paper, intended apparently to be hung upon a wall, and containing the words, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," translated into Italian. It was not without a little triumph that Meredith exhibited this effort at clandestine instruction. "He has to lie in bed," he said, with a softened inflection of his voice; "this will console him and bear him company. It is a map of his future inheritance," the young missionary concluded, putting it fondly back into its deceitful folds; and after this there was an uneasy pause, no one quite knowing what to say.

"You fight Antichrist with his own weapons, then," said Colin, "and do evil that good may come,"—and Lauderdale added his comment almost in the same breath,—

"That's an awfu' fruitful principle if you once adopt it," he said; "there's no telling where it may end. I would sooner leave the poor lad in God's hands, as no doubt he is, than smuggle in light to him after that fashion. I'm no fond of maps that are no maps," said the dissatisfied critic; by which time Colin had reloaded his guns, and was ready to fire.

"It is short enough," said Colin; "a man might keep such an utterance in his memory without any necessity for double dealing. Do you think, for all the good it will do your patient to look at that text, it is worth your while to risk him and yourself?"

"For myself I am perfectly indifferent," said Meredith, glad of an opportunity to defend himself. "I hope I could take imprisonment joyfully for the saving of a soul."

"Imprisonment would be death to you," said Colin, with a touch of compunction, "and would make an end of all further possibilities of use. To be thrown into a stony Italian prison at this season"—

"Hush," said Meredith; "for my Master's sake could I not bear more than that? If not, I am not worthy to call myself a Christian. I am ready to be offered," said the young enthusiast. "It would be an end beyond my hopes to die like my Lord for the salvation of my brother. Such a prophecy is no terror to me."

"If you two would but hold your tongues for five minutes at a time," said Lauderdale, with vexation, "it would be a comfort. No doubt you're both ready enough to fling away your lives for any nonsensical idea that comes into your heads. Suppose we take the case of the other innocent callant, the Italian lad that a' this martyrdom's to be for. No to say that it's awfu' cheating,—which my soul loathes," said the emphatic Scotchman,— "figure to yourself a wheen senseless women maybe, or a wheen frightened priests, getting on the scent o' this heresy of yours. I'm real reluctant to think that he would not get the same words, poor callant, in his ain books without being torn to pieces for the sake of a map that was not a map. It's-getting a wee chilly," said the philosopher, "and there's a fire to be had in the house if nothing else. Come in, callant, and no expose yourself; and you would put your grand map in the fire if you were to be guided by me."

"With these words of consolation on it!" said Meredith. "Never, if it should cost me my life."

"Nae fear of its costing you your life; but I wouldna use even the weapons of God after the devil's manner of fighting," said Lauderdale, with a little impatience. "Allowing you had a' the charge of saving souls, as you call it, and the Almighty himself took no trouble on the subject, I'm no for using the sword o' the Spirit to give stabs in the dark."

Just then, fortunately, there came a seasonable diversion, which stayed the answer on Meredith's lips.

"Arthur, we are going to dine early," said the voice of Alice just behind them; "the doctor said you were to dine early. Come and rest a little before dinner. I met some people just now who were talking of Mr. Campbell. They were wondering where he lived, and saying they had seen him somewhere. I told them you were with us," the



girl went on, with the air of a woman who might be Colin's mother. "Will you please come home in case they should call?"

This unexpected intimation ended the ramble and the talk, which was of a kind rather different from the tourist talk which Colin had shortly to experience from the lips of his visitors, who were people who had seen him at Wodensbourne, and who were glad to claim acquaintance with anybody in a strange country. Little Alice received the ample English visitors still with the air of being Colin's mother, or mature protecting female friend, and talked to the young lady daughter, who was about half as old again as herself with an indulgent kindness which was beautiful to behold. There were a mother, father, daughter, and two sons, moving about in a compact body, all of whom were exceedingly curious about the quaint little brotherhood which, with Alice for its protecting angel, had taken possession of the upper floor of the Palazzo Savielli. They were full of a flutter of talk about the places they had visited, and of questions as to whether their new acquaintances had been here or there; and the ladies of the party made inquiries after the Frankland family, with a friendly significance which brought the blood to Colin's cheeks. "I promised Matty to write, and I shall be sure to tell her I have seen you, and all about it," the young lady said, playfully. Was it possible, or was it a mere reflection from his own thoughts, throwing a momentary gleam across her unimpassioned face? Anyhow, it occurred to Colin that the little abstract Alice looked more like an ordinary girl of her years for the five minutes after the tourist party, leaving wonderful silence and sense of relief behind them, had disappeared down the chilly stone stairs.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

It is not to be inferred from what has just been said that it had become a matter of importance to Colin how Alice Meredith looked. On the contrary, the relations between the two young people grew more distant instead of becoming closer. It was Lauderdale with whom she talked about the domestic arrangements, which he and she managed together; and indeed it was apparent that Alice, on the whole, had come to regard Colin, in a modified degree, as she regarded her brother

—as something to be taken care of, watched, fed, tended, and generally deferred to, without any great possibility of comprehension or fellowship. Lauderdale, like herself, was the nurse and guardian of his invalid. Though she lost sight of him altogether in the discussions which perpetually arose among the three (which was not so much from being unable to understand these discussions as from the conclusion made beforehand that she had nothing to do with them), it was quite a different matter when they fell into the background to consult what would be best for their two charges. Then Alice was the superior, and felt her power. She talked to her tall companion with all the freedom of her age, accepting his as that of a grandfather at least, to the amusement of the philosopher, to whom her chatter was very pleasant. All the history of her family (as he imagined) came unawares to Lauderdale's ears in this simple fashion, and more of Alice's own mind and thoughts than she had the least idea of. He walked about with her as the lion might have done with Una, with a certain mixture of superiority and inferiority, amusement and admiration. She was only a little girl to Lauderdale, but a delightful thing in her innocent way; and, so far from approving of Colin's indifference, there were times when he became indignant at it, speculating impatiently on the youthful folly which did not recognize good fortune when it saw it. "Of all women in the world the wife for the callant, if he only would make use of his een," Lauderdale said to himself; but so far from making use of his eyes, it pleased Colin, with the impertinence of youth, to turn the tables on his mentor, and to indulge in unseasonable laughter, which sometimes had all but offended the graver and older man. Alice, however, whose mind was bent upon other things, was none the wiser, and for her own part found "Mr. Lauderdale" of wonderful service to her. When they sat making up their accounts at the end of the week, Alice with her little pencil putting everything down in pails and scudi, which Lauderdale elaborately did into English money, as a preliminary to the exact division of expenses which the two careful housekeepers made, the sight was pleasant enough. By times it occurred that Alice, dreadfully puzzled by her companion's Scotch, but bound

in chains of iron by her good breeding, which coming direct from the heart was of the most exquisite type, came stealing up to Colin, after a long interview with his friend, to ask the meaning of a word or two preserved by painful mnemonic exercises in her memory; and she took to reading the Waverley novels by way of assisting her in this new language; but, as the only available copies of these works were in the shape of an Italian translation, it may be imagined that her progress was limited. Meanwhile, Meredith lived on as best he could, poor fellow, basking in the sun in the middle of the day, and the rest of his time sitting close to the fire with as many pillows and cloaks in his hard, old-fashioned easy-chair as might have sufficed for Siberia; and, indeed, it was a kind of Siberian refuge which they had set up in the top floor of the empty cold palace, the other part of which was used for a residence only during the hot season, and adapted to the necessities of a blazing Italian summer. For the Italian winter,—often so keen and penetrating, with its cutting winds that come from the mountains, and those rapid and violent transitions which form the shadow to its sunshine,—there, as elsewhere, little provision had been made; and the surprise of the inexperienced travellers, who had come there for warmth and the genial atmosphere, and found themselves suddenly plunged into a life of Spartan endurance,—of deadly chill and iciness indescribable,—has been already described. Yet neither of them would consent to go into Rome, where comfort might be had by paying for it, and leave the brother and sister alone in this chilly nest of theirs. So they remained together on their lofty perch, looking over the great Campagna, witnessing such sunsets and grandness of cloud and wind as few people are privy to all their lifetime; watching the gleams of snow appear and disappear over the glorious purple depths of the Sabine hills, and the sun shooting golden arrows into the sea, and gloom more wonderful still than the light, rolling on like an army in full march over that plain which has no equal. All these things they watched and witnessed, with comments of all descriptions, and with silence better than any comment. In themselves they were a strange little varied company; one of them, still in the middle of life, but to his own consciousness done with it,

and watching the present actors as he watched the sunsets; two of them entirely full of undeveloped prospects in the world which was so familiar and yet so unknown; the last of all making his way steadily with few delays into a world still more unknown,—a world which they all by times turned to investigate, with speculations, with questions, with enthusiastic anticipation, with profound childlike faith. Such was their life up among the breezes across the soft slopes of the Alban hills; and in the midst of everything more serious, of opening life and approaching death, Lauderdale and Alice sat down together weekly to reckon up their expenses in Italian and English money, and keep their accounts straight, as the little house-wife termed it, with the world.

During this wintry weather, however, the occupations of the party were not altogether limited to these weekly accounts. Meredith, though he had been a little startled by the surprise shown by his companion at the too ingenious device of the map,—which, after all was not his device, but that of some Tract Society, or other body more zealous than scrupulous,—had not ceased his warnings, in season and out of season. He talked to Maria about dying, in a way which inspired that simple woman to the unusual exertion of a pilgrimage to Tivoli, where the kind Madonna had just been proved upon ample testimony to have moved her eyes, to the great comfort and edification of the faithful. "No doubt, it would be much better to be walking about all day among the blessed saints in heaven, as the Signor Arturo gives himself the trouble of telling me," Maria said, with anxiety in her face, "but *vedi, cara signorina mia*, it would be very inconvenient at the beginning of the season;" and, indeed, the same opinion was commonly expressed by Arthur's Italian auditors, who had, for the most part, affairs on hand, which did not admit of immediate attention to such a topic. Even the good-natured friars at Cape Cross declined to tackle the young Englishman after the first accost: for they were all of opinion that dying was business to be got over in the most expeditious manner possible, not to be dwelt on either by unnecessary anxiousness before or lingering regret after; and, as for the inevitable event itself, there were the last sacraments to make all right—though, indeed, the English invalid, *povero infelice*, might

well make a fuss about a matter which must be so hopeless to him. This was all the fruit he had of his labors, there being at that time no enterprising priest at hand to put a stop to the discussions of the heretic. But, at the same time, he had Colin and Lauderdale close at hand, and was using every means in his power to "do them good," as he said; and still, in the quiet nights, when the cold and the silence had taken entire possession of the great, vacant house and the half-frozen village, poor Meredith dragged his chair and his table closer to the fire, and drew his cloak over his shoulders, and added yet another and another chapter to his "Voice from the Grave."

As for Colin, if he had been a *litterateur* by profession, it is likely that, by this time, he would have begun to compile "Letters from Italy," like others of the trade; but being only a Scotch scholar, the happy holder of a Snell bursary, he felt himself superior to such temptations; though, indeed, after a week's residence at Frascati, Colin secretly felt himself in a condition to let loose his opinions about Italian affairs in general. In the mean time, however, he occupied himself in another fashion. Together, he and his watchful guardian made pilgrimages into Rome. They went to see everything that it was right to go to see: but over and above that, they went into the churches,—into all manners of churches out of the way, where there were no grand functions going on, but only every-day worship. Colin was not a watchful English divine spying upon the superstition of Rome, nor a rampant Protestant finding out her errors and idolatries. He was the destined priest of a nation in a state of transition and renaissance, which had come to feel itself wanting in the balance after a long period of self-complacency. With the instinct of a budding legislator and the eagerness of youth, he watched the wonderful scene he had before him,—not the pope, with his peacock feathers, and purple and scarlet followers, and wonderful audience of heretics,—not high masses in great basilicas, nor fine processions, nor sweet music. The two Scotsmen made part of very different assemblies in those Lenten days, and even in the joyful time of Easter, when carriages of the English visitors, rushing to the ceremonies of the week, made the narrow Roman streets almost impassable. Perhaps it was a feeling

of a different kind which drew the two strangers to the awful and solemn temple, where once the heathen gods were worshipped, and where Raphael rests; but let artists pardon Colin, whose own profession has associations still more lofty than theirs, if, on his second visit, he forgot Raphael, and even the austere nobility of the place. An humble congregation of the commonest people about,—people not even picturesque,—women with shawls over their heads, and a few of the dreamy poor old men who seem to spend their lives about Italian churches, were dotted over the vast floor, kneeling on those broken marbles which are as old as Christianity,—some dropped at random in the middle, beneath the wonderful blue breadth of sky which looked in upon their devotions, some about the steps of the little altars round, and a little group about the special shrine where vespers were being sung. A lover of music would not have found a voice worth listening to in the place, and perhaps neither time nor tune was much attended to; but there was not a soul there, from the faint old men to the little children, who did not, according to his capabilities, take up the response, which was to every one, apparently, matter as familiar as an every-day utterance. These worshippers had no books, and did not need any. It might be words in a dead language; it might be partially understood, or not understood at all; but at least it was known and familiar as no religious service is in England, notwithstanding all our national vaunt of the prayer-book, and as nothing could be in Scotland, where we have no guide (save "the minister") to our devotion. When Colin, still weak and easily fatigued, withdrew a little, and sat down upon the steps of the high altar to listen, with a kind of shame in his heart at being unable to join those universal devotions, there came to his ear a wonderful chime of echoes from the great dome, which sent his poetic heart astray in spite of itself; for it sounded to the young dreamer like another unseen choir up there, who could tell of what spectators and assistants?—wistful voices of the past, coming back to echo the Name which was greater than Jove or Apollo. And then he returned to his legislative thoughts, to his dreams, patriotic and priestly, to his wondering, incredulous question with himself whether worship so familiar and so general, so absolutely a part of their daily

existence, could ever be known to his own people. Such a thought, no doubt, had it been known, would almost have warranted the withdrawal of the Snell scholarship, and certainly would have deferred indefinitely Colin's chances of obtaining license from any Scotch Presbytery. But, fortunately, Presbyterians are little interested in investigating what takes place in the Pantheon at Rome—whether old Agrippa breathes a far-off Amen out of the dome of his dead magnificence, to the worship of the Nazarene, as Colin thought in his dreams; or what vain imaginations may possess the soul of a wandering student there. He was aroused abruptly out of these visions by the English party who had visited him at Frascati, and who came up to salute him now with that frank indifference to other people for which our nation is said to be pre-eminent. They shook hands with him all round, for they were acquainted with his story, and Colin was of the kind of man to make people interested in him; and then they began to talk.

"A sad exhibition this, is it not, Mr. Campbell?" said the mother; "one forgets how dreadful it is, you know, when one sees it in all its grandeur,—its fine music, and silver trumpets, and so forth; but it is terrible to see all these poor creatures, and to think they know no better. Such singing! There is not a charity school at home that would do so badly, and they speak of music in Italy!" said the English matron, who indeed in her last observation had some truth on her side.

"Hush," said Colin, who was young, and not above saying a fine thing when he could: "listen to the echo. Are there some kind angels in the dome, do you think, to mend the music? or is it the poor old heathens who hang about for very wistfulness, and say as good an Amen as they can, poor souls? Listen; I have heard no music like it in Rome."

"Oh, Mr. Campbell, what a beautiful idea!" said the young lady; and then, the service being ended, they walked about a little, and looked up from the centre of the place to the blue wintry sky, which forms the living centre of that vault of ages,—an occupation which Lauderdale interrupted hurriedly enough by reminding Colin that they had still to get out to Frascati, and were already after time.

"Oh! you still live in Frascati," said Colin's acquaintance, "with that very strange young man? I never spoke to anybody in my life who startled me so much. Do you hap-

pen to know if he is a son of that very strange Mr. Meredith, whom there was so much talk of last year?—that man, you know, who pretended to be so very good, and ran away with somebody. Dear me, I thought everybody knew that story. His son was ill, I know, and lived abroad. I wonder if it is the same."

"I don't think my friend has any father," said Colin, who, stimulated by the knowledge that the last train would start in half an hour, was anxious to get away.

"Ah, well, I hope so, I am sure, for your sake; for *that* Mr. Meredith was a dreadful man, and pretended to be so good till he was found out," said the lady. "Something Hall was the name of his place. Let me recollect. Dear me, does nobody know the name?"

"Good-by; it is over time," said Colin, and he obeyed the gesture of Lauderdale, and rushed after his already distant figure; but, before he had turned the corner of the square, one of the sons overtook him. "I beg your pardon, but my mother wishes you to know that it was Meredith of Moreby she was talking of just now," said the young man out of breath. Colin laughed to himself as he hastened after his friend. What had he to do with Meredith of Moreby? But as he dashed along, he began to recollect an ugly story in the papers, and to bethink himself of a certain odd prejudice which he had been conscious of on first hearing the name of the brother and sister. When he got near enough to Lauderdale to lay hold of his arm, Colin could not help uttering, as was usual to him, what was at present on the surface of his mind.

"You know all about them," he said; "do you think they have a father?" which simple words were said with a few gasps, as he was out of breath.

"What's the use of coming after me like a steam-engine?" said Lauderdale: "did you think I would run away? and you've need of a' your breath for that weary brae. How should I ken all about them? They're your friends and not mine."

"All very well, Lauderdale; but she never makes *me* her confidant," said the young man with his usual laugh.

"It's no canny to speak of *she*," said Lauderdale: "it's awfu' suggestive, and no a word for either you or me. She has an aunt in India, and two uncles that died in the Crimea, if you want to know exactly. That is all she has ever told to me."

And with this they dismissed the subject from their minds, and, arm in arm, addressed themselves to the arduous task of getting to the station through the narrow crowded streets in time for the train.



From The North British Review.

*Enoch Arden, etc.* By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L., Poet-Laureate. London: Moxon, 1864.

"Whatever withdraws us from the power of the senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, and the future predominate over the present, advances us in the scale of human beings." To render us this service is the peculiar and noble privilege of poetry. For though that art has been truly said to have the creation of intellectual pleasure for its chief object, yet all poetry worthy of the name achieves something beyond and better than this: it purifies and exalts, not less than it pleases. It is, therefore, with more than the expectation of mere enjoyment that we welcome a new volume from the foremost of our living poets.

Mr. Tennyson is now beyond criticism in one sense of the word. Whether or no he has attained "the wise indifference of the wise," he has assuredly won for himself a place in literature against which no critical assaults could much prevail, and the honor and dignity of which no critical praise could much enhance. But to criticise, in the true sense of the term, is not to dispense loftily praise or blame,—often on no sounder principle than that on which was based the dislike entertained towards Dr. Fell. Real criticism loves not fault-finding, neither does it yield to the self-indulgence of indiscriminate praise; it rests upon a regard for truth, and a desire to appreciate justly. It is in such a spirit that we would approach the volume before us, seeking to discover what stage it marks in the development of the poet, endeavoring to estimate what it adds to the debt the world already owes him.

It has been remarked, not unfrequently, that Mr. Tennyson's early poems were, as a rule, wanting in human interest. Some—like the "Mermaid" and the "Dying Swan"—were uninteresting, owing to unreality of subject; others again,—the "Margarets" and "Lilians" and "Adelines" were uninteresting, owing to unreality or insufficiency of treatment. There was in these first efforts no attempt to portray life; no study of the motives and interests of life, or of the sources of action; no story, little real emotion. There is not even distinct representation of nature. There is sweetness of music, and painting rich in color; but the tones are like the murmur of

a brook, speaking of many things, yet of nothing clearly; and the lines are confused with the mirage of unreality which hangs over the whole. These, however, were but prolusions; the poet was "mewing his mighty youth." It was not long before he beat his deeper music out. In the words of his ablest critic: "With the publication of the Third Series, in 1842, Mr. Tennyson appears distinctly as the poet of his own age. His apprenticeship is over, his mastery over the instruments of his art is complete, and he employs it in either presenting the life of his contemporaries, the thoughts, incidents, and emotions of the nineteenth century in England, or in treating legend and history with reference to the moral and intellectual sympathies now active amongst us."\* The poems here referred to established at once and finally his place in English literature, and the place so won he has ever since retained, and by the same means. He never after lost his hold on his own time. A poet may use unaccustomed forms; he may choose new themes, may illustrate strange aspects of life; but if he is to be a poet at all, he must reach the hearts of his readers, and to do this he must be the poet of his own age. Herein Mr. Tennyson's strength has lain. The "Princess," "*Medley*" as it was, and, in its machinery at least, utterly dis severed from all reality, yet spoke the thoughts, and reflected the interests, and set forth the duties and the true relations of our every-day life. "Maud," whether "morbid" or "spasmodic,"—or whatever other exploding name it must be content to bear,—was in all points a tragedy which might have darkened yesterday. The "Idylls," like the older fragment called "Morte d'Arthur," are made alive by "modern touches here and there;" the old legends derive new youth and a deeper truthfulness from the modern point of view. And now in this volume we have, with a few exceptions, modern touches only. It is generally believed that the title originally proposed for this book was "Idylls of the Hearth." The change which has taken place is, we think, to be regretted. "Idylls of the Hearth" would have been a descriptive, and a very accurately descriptive title. The volume is made up of five leading poems, with some pieces called "miscellaneous" added. These five, however differing in other respects,

\* "Essays by the late George Brimley, M. A." Macmillan & Co., 1860.



have all this characteristic in common, that they are poems of domestic life,—of the life of the present day in various ranks, as modified and colored by certain of the chances and changes, some startling, others of common occurrence, to which it is ever exposed. Never has it been more clearly shown that the elements of pathos and tragedy are always existing; that in the life we lead, and which is led by others around us, poetry is not dead, though it may sleep, only to be awakened by the touch of its master.

In a review of "The Angel in the House," included among his essays, the accomplished critic, already quoted, warmly vindicates the claims of married love as a fit subject for poetry. In answer to the common and vulgar remark, that marriage is the death of romance, he exclaims, with no less beauty than truth:—

"The romance of life gone! when with the humblest and most sordid cares of life are intimately associated the calm delights, the settled bliss of home; when upon duties, in themselves perhaps often wearisome and uninteresting, hang the prosperity and the happiness of wife and children; when there is no mean hope, because there is no hope in which regard for others does not largely mingle; no base fear, because suffering and distress cannot affect self alone; when the selfishness which turns honest industry to greed and noble ambition to egotistical lust of power is exorcised; when life becomes a perpetual exercise of duties which are delights, and delights which are duties. . . . To us it appears that where the capacity for generous devotion, for manly courage, for steadfast faith and love, exists, there exists the main element of romance; and that where the circumstances of life are most favorable for the development of these qualities in action, they are romantic circumstances, whether the person displaying them be, like Alton Locke, a tailor, or, like King Arthur, a man of stalwart arm and lordly presence. Nor do we see that the giants, dragons, and other monsters of the old romance are in themselves one whit more interesting than the obstacles that beset the true modern knight in his struggles to perform manfully the duties of his life, and to carry out the noble spirit of that vow which he has solemnly taken at the altar, to love, comfort, honor, and keep, in sickness and in health, the woman who has put her youth, her beauty, her life and happiness, into his hands."

Mr. Browning has more than once chosen married life as his theme, and Mr. Tennyson

at least once before in "The Miller's Daughter." But Mr. Brimley's eloquent words have their fullest justification in the representation of the fortunes of Enoch Arden and Annie Lee; for here we have something more than a lyric, something nobler than a calm retrospect of tame, if virtuous, felicity; the whole drama of domestic life is spread before us,—in sunshine and in storm, in happiness, in struggles, and in grievous calamity.

"So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,  
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,  
Seven happy years of health and competence,  
And mutual love and honorable toil:  
With children; first a daughter. In him woke,  
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish  
To save all earnings to the uttermost,  
And give his child a better bringing-up  
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renewed  
When two years after came a boy to be  
The rosy idol of her solitudes,  
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,  
Or often journeying landward."

The great drawback to life after marriage, as a subject for poetry, is the lack of incident, or, as Mr. Brimley puts it: "We concede to the period before marriage greater facilities for marked gradations of interest depending on changes in the outward relations of the persons whose fortunes and feelings are narrated." This want is too frequently supplied by vice or crime, adultery or murder, or both; Mr. Tennyson, eschewing in this volume such sources of interest, does not go beyond the changes which, without fault of ours, come to all mortal things. He seeks incident indeed, in order to escape the sameness which will always detract from any mere narration of feelings, however lofty these may be, and however subtle their development; but, obeying the dictates of true art, he selects such incidents as insure that the emotions of his readers shall not be marred or blunted by any thought that they have been called forth by unworthy causes. Misfortune falls on this unhappy household. Enoch, in the course of his daily work, meets with an accident:—

"And while he lay recovering there, his wife  
Bore him another son, a sickly one:  
Another hand crept, too, across his trade  
Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,  
Although a grave and staid God-fearing man,  
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.  
He seemed, as in a nightmare of the night,  
To see his children leading evermore  
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,

And her, he loved, a beggar : then he prayed  
 ' Save them from this, whatever comes to me. '

His prayer is answered by the offer of a berth as boatswain in a ship bound for China, which he accepts ; planning thus for the welfare of those whom he must leave behind :—

" To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—  
 How many a rough sea had he weathered in her !  
 He knew her as a horseman knows his horse—  
 And yet to sell her—then with what she brought  
 Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade !  
 With all that seamen needed or their wives—  
 So might she keep the house while he was gone.  
 Should he not trade himself out yonder ? go  
 This voyage more than once ? yea, twice or thrice—  
 As oft as needed—last, returning rich,  
 Become the master of a larger craft,  
 With fuller profits lead an easier life,  
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,  
 And pass his days in peace among his own."

Here begins the tragedy of the drama. Years pass away, and Enoch returns not. The scheme devised for the support of his family during his absence does not succeed. His wife makes little of trade ; at least " gains for her own a scanty sustenance." The sickly child, too, grows sicker, and

" After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—  
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,  
 The little innocent soul flitted away."

To this sorrow and poverty, Philip Ray, " the miller's only son," who, like Enoch, had been the friend of her childhood, and the lover of her youth, but who had never told his love, would fain bring comfort. In the name of his old friendship for Enoch and for herself, he asks to send her boy and girl to school,—which had been Enoch's dearest wish. Her he cares for tenderly, yet " fearing the lazy gossip of the port," seldom sees her ; but with the children it was different :—

" From distant corners of the street they ran  
 To greet his hearty welcome heartily ;  
 Lords of his house and of his mill were they ;  
 Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs  
 Or pleasures, hung upon him, played with him,  
 And called him Father Philip. Philip gained  
 As Enoch lost ; for Enoch seemed to them  
 Uncertain as a vision or a dream,  
*Faint as a figure seen in early dawn*  
*Down at the far-end of an avenue,*  
*Going we know not where :* and so ten years,  
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,  
 Flew forward, and no news of Enoch came."

After these ten years, and yet another, when all hope was dead, after many prayers and a dream which seemed, as it were, a sign from Heaven in answer to her prayers, the

woman so long widowed yields more to Philip's devotion, and her children's wishes, than to the dictates of her own heart. It is impossible by quotation, it is yet more impossible by any critical analysis, to convey an adequate conception of the tenderness and refinement with which this delicate theme is touched. The faithfulness and purity of Annie are kept without stain ; and by an exquisite touch, she lives sad, almost unhappy as Philip's wife, until " the new mother came about her heart," reconciling her to her lot, and causing the past, not indeed to be forgotten, but to be remembered without a pang. The nobility of Philip's character, too, is thoroughly sustained,—following never any selfish end, but, in true singleness of purpose, leaving nothing undone to soothe the grief and lighten the burdens of the playmate of his childhood,—in the poet's words, " hungering for her peace ; " and at last finding his reward, brought to him, as it were, by force of circumstances rather than sought by any effort of his own.

Meanwhile, where was Enoch ? Voyaging afar ; trading on distant shores, not for pleasure or idleness, not from selfish greed and lust of gain, but stirred by his honorable ambition to have " all his pretty young ones educated." He prospers well in his endeavors ; but, when returning with purposes fulfilled, hope painting his future in highest colors, sudden calamity comes upon him ; for the ship *Good Fortune* goes down in ruin :—

" Less lucky her home-voyage : at first indeed  
 Through many a fair sea-circle, day by day,  
 Scarce rocking, her full-busted figure-head  
 Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows :  
 Then followed calms, and then winds variable,  
 Then baffling, a long course of them ; and last  
 Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens,  
 Till hard upon the cry of ' breakers ' came  
 The crash of ruin and the loss of all  
 But Enoch and two others. Half the night,  
 Buoyed upon floating tackle and broken spars,  
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn,  
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea."

As time runs on, his companions die, and he is left through long years alone. The oriental landscape is painted as only the author of " Locksley Hall " could paint it ; but all the glories of eternal summer become hideous in the eyes of the castaway. Deliverance at last comes to him, broken, prematurely aged, strange to human speech and human society ; but with the memories of wife, of chil-

dren, and of home, alive within him still. He returns to find all things changed, and is told of his own death, of his wife's long sorrow, of Philip's friendship, and of how that friendship was at last repaid, by a kindly gossip of the village, who can see no trace of Enoch Arden in the bent, gray-haired, worn-out old man who seeks the shelter of her half-ruined roof. Bowed down by unspeakable sadness, one wish only is present to him,—to see her face once again, and “know that she is happy.” He yields to the irresistible longing, and from Philip's garden he gains a sight of the comfort and the genial happiness of Philip's hearth :—

“Now when the dead man come to life beheld  
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe  
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,  
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,  
And his own children tall and beautiful,  
And him, that other, reigning in his place,  
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—  
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,  
Because things seen are mightier than things  
heard,

Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and  
feared

To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,  
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,  
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,  
And feeling all along the garden-wall,  
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,  
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,  
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,  
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his  
knees

Were feeble, so that, falling prone, he dug  
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

“Too hard to bear! why did they take me  
thence?

O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, thou  
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,  
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness  
A little longer! aid me, give me strength  
Not to tell her, never to let her know.  
Help me not to break in upon her peace.  
My children too! must I not speak to these?  
They know me not. I should betray myself.  
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl  
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.”

It would be hard to parallel the homely and tragic pathos of this. Circumstance so overwhelming, grief so over-mastering, so utterly without hope or remedy, surely, never found more fitting voice. Seldom, too, has even the music of Mr. Tennyson's verse moved in such perfect harmony with the feeling,—hurried and passionate when in the first spasm

of misery, almost unendurable, he fears that he may unawares “send forth a shrill and terrible cry,”—irregular, and, as it were, broken by bursting sobs, in his great agony of supplication. Strength was given him to keep his vow. Unknown to any, he goes about his daily work, broken as he was, yet able to earn his frugal living :—

“He was not all unhappy. His resolve  
Uphore him, and firm faith, and evermore  
Prayer from a living source within the will,  
And beating up through all the bitter world,  
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,  
Kept him a living soul.”

But that life, so nurtured, was not for earth. He was not to wait long bearing his burden of sorrow. He does not so much die of a broken heart as give way before the unbearable weariness of existence without hope :—

“A languor came  
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually  
Weakening the man till he could do no more,  
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.  
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully;  
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck  
See through the gray skirts of a lifting squall  
The boat that bears the hope of life approach,  
To save the life despaired of, than he saw  
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.”

One thing yet remains,—to assure his wife, whom he learns to be even yet at times disquieted with thoughts of him, that he is really dead. Accordingly, he discovers himself to the woman Miriam, in whose house he lived, enjoining her, after his death, to bear his love and last blessing to his children, and to his wife, his no longer; and, this charge given, the third night after,—

“While Enoch slumbered motionless and pale,  
And Miriam watched and dozed at intervals,  
There came so loud a calling of the sea  
That all the houses in the haven rang.  
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,  
Crying with a loud voice, ‘A sail! a sail!  
I'm saved!’ and so fell back and spoke no  
more.”

We have dwelt thus long on “Enoch Arden,” because it is not only the most important poem in the book, but also, in our judgment, incomparably the finest. It need not fear comparison with anything Mr. Tennyson has written. We have the same music in the verse as of old: if the rugged line occurs perhaps more frequently than in the “Idylls of the King,” this is of set purpose, and accords with the sentiment; we have the same

constant activity of imagination shown in a diction so exquisitely expressive that every line is a study; the same art in construction of the whole, the same care and appropriateness in the details; the same power of appealing to our highest moral and intellectual capacities. The poem (though dated a hundred years ago) is in all essentials of our own day and of lowly life; yet it strikes a note as lofty as if it were sung of the chosen heroes of romance, of times consecrated by legend and made dignified by antiquity. The sorrows and death of Enoch Arden, the fisherman, stir our tenderest sympathy, and evoke our deepest emotions not less than the betrayal and the mysterious doom of Arthur the king.

The characters of the three children who together played at keeping house on the seashore, and whose after-lives make up this tragedy, are beautifully and finely drawn. Annie is a true woman, loving and faithful; gentle, and so first attracted by the energy and strong will of Enoch, but not without a force and self-reliance which made her worthy of the love she won. Philip is placed in trying circumstances, and demeans himself nobly through them all. Losing his love, he has his "dark hour unseen;" and without complaint bears "a life-long hunger in his heart." The sensitive delicacy with which he seeks to comfort Annie and care for her children when Enoch has gone, is like the delicacy of a woman, his genial nature expands with his happier fortunes, but whether in happiness or in sorrow, he is ever manly, true-hearted, and self-denied. Enoch's is a stronger and more complex nature. His strength shows itself in a vigorous independence, which continued prosperity might have hardened into a rugged disregard for others; in his early prime "he held his head high, and cared for no man, he." He is perhaps a little urgent and self-willed; but he is urgent for good, and self-willed not in promoting his own well-being, but in promoting the well-being of others,—loving dearly the wife his energy had won him, and eager that his children should rise higher than himself. Affliction is laid upon him which all the strength of the strong man could hardly bear; changed from his proud youth, "his head is low, and no man cares for him." But he finds a consolation better than man could give him; chastened and purified, he

bears his hard lot meekly, without repining, like a true Christian hero, until his release comes, and the poem closes as with the music of the harmonies of heaven.

Next in length and in dignity of place comes "Aylmer's Field." "Enoch Arden" was a tale of married life; this is a tale of youthful love, which never finds its earthly close. Sir Aylmer Aylmer, an "almighty man," who traced his line through an infinitude of partridge-breeding ancestors up to an antiquity beyond all mortal ken, save that of the Herald Office, was lord of the soil as far as he could see, and of an only child, a daughter, whom he loved "as heiress not as heir regretfully." The rectors of the same sleepy land—"a land of hops, and poppy-mingled corn," less fortunate in the possession of acres, came from a stock as ancient, and with them, too, father has followed son in regular succession for many generations. Hence the hall and the rectory have been always bound together in close intimacy, and hence Edith Aylmer, and Leolin Averill, the rector's younger brother, "had been together from the first." Surely, a more graceful picture of childhood was never drawn than this sketch of the companionship of their early days:—

"For want of playmates, he  
Had tost his ball and flown his kite, and rolled  
His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her dipt  
Against the rush of the air in the prone swing,  
Made blossom-ball or daisy-chain, arranged  
Her garden, sowed her name and kept it green  
In living letters, told her fairy tales,  
Showed her the fairy footings on the grass,  
The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms,  
The petty marestail forest, fairy pines,  
Or from the tiny pitted target blew  
What looked a flight of fairy arrows aimed  
All at one mark, all hitting: make-believes  
For Edith and himself: or else he forged,  
But that was later, boyish histories  
Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon, wreck,  
Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and true love  
Crowned after trial; sketches rude and faint,  
But where a passion yet unborn, perhaps,  
Lay hidden as the music of the moon  
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale."

This, of course, ends in the old, old story. But when the said story becomes legible to the stupid eyes of Sir Aylmer, great is the wrath of that potentate. It had seemed to some, and to the Averills among the rest, that the possibility of this result had been foreseen, and regarded without disfavor; for Leolin was always welcome at the Hall, and

the secluded charms of Edith had never been set forth

"Here in the woman-markets of the west,  
Where our Caucasians let themselves be sold."

But Sir Aylmer, in his blind pride, had looked on Leolin's companionship with his daughter as he would on the attendance of a dog; he had never dreamed of such an issue, and surprise made his anger hotter. Leolin is banished with bitter reproaches, and goes to London, resolute to win the fame which will silence scorn. Meanwhile, society is courted at the Hall to distract the thoughts of Edith, and a fiftful kindness seeks to wean her from her misplaced love. When this fails, sterner repression follows. A correspondence is detected and closed, a watch is set on every movement, her liberty is restrained, all intercourse with others, even with the village poor, her peculiar care, is denied her, contempt and reproach become her constant portion. Under such treatment Lucy Ashton lost her reason; Edith Aylmer loses her hold on life.

"He seldom crost his child without a sneer;  
The mother flowed in shallower acrimonies:  
Never one kindly smile, one kindly word:  
So that the gentle creature, shut from all  
Her charitable use, and face to face  
With twenty months of silence, slowly lost,  
Nor greatly cared to loose, her hold on life.  
Last, some low fever ranging round to spy  
The weakness of a people or a house,  
Like flies that haunt a wound, or deer, or men,  
Or almost all that is, hurting the hurt,—  
Save Christ as we believe him,—found the girl  
And flung her down upon a couch of fire,  
Where careless of the household faces near,  
And crying upon the name of Leolin,  
She, and with her the race of Aylmer, past."

Leolin hereupon stabs himself, and from the Hall and the Rectory alike comes the bitter wail, "My house is left unto me desolate." From this text the rector discourses a thrilling burst of rhetoric, recalling in tenderest cadence the virtues of the gentle Edith, sending out a cry of passionate hope over the grave of the suicide, scathing with fiery rebuke the hard, mean cruelty which had wrought such woe; hearing which the authors of all are found out by their sin,—the mother is borne heart-stricken from the church to a bed of death, Sir Aylmer droops into imbecility, and after two miserable years follows her to the tomb, leaving all things to waste and ruin, pictured in a few lines which breathe the very spirit of desolation:—

"Then the great Hall was wholly broken down,  
And the broad woodland parcelled into farms:  
And where the two contrived their daughter's  
good,

Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,  
The hedgehog underneath the plaitain borer,  
*The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,*  
The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there  
*Follows the mouse,* and all is open field."

We venture to think that the development of this story is marred by three serious blemishes; we do not object to the sorrow of the theme, though so entirely unrelieved. Poetry is not intended to afford enjoyment only; to move the passions, to "purge the soul" by pity and terror is, according to the old canon, rightly within its scope. "Aylmer's Field" does not close in deeper tragedy than Lear; and we cannot see that tragedy is unfit for poetic treatment because it is the tragedy of domestic life, and of our own day. But then, in order to justify tragedy, in order to move the true tragic emotions within us, as distinguished from mere vexation or a dull sense of pain, the passion of the poem must be so strong as not only to account for, but to necessitate, and, in a certain deep sense, assuage the tragic end. Who can fancy Lear stretched out longer "upon the rack of this tough world,"—that rack being a green old age in the comfortable society of Cordelia? Who can fancy Othello—the theft of the handkerchief explained a few minutes sooner—living happily with Desdemona ever after on the "mutual confidence" principle? Or, in another walk of fiction, do we ever anticipate happiness for Amy Robsart? Does not the shadow of destiny rest from the first on the Bride of Lammermoor? While, on the other hand, in an ordinary novel like "Cyrilla," still more in a jocular novel like the "King's Own," a melancholy conclusion is resented as an unnecessary annoyance, almost as an impertinence. When the natures of the actors in the drama are utterly unfit to cope with the circumstances with which they are environed, or when the passions are too violent for the strength of the heart or the force of the will, then tragic issues are involved; but to excite mere grief or vexation is not tragedy. One or other of these conditions, or both, may be found in "Romeo and Juliet," may be found in the "Bride of Lammermoor," may, may be found in "Maud," but are not, we think, to be found in "Aylmer's Field." We do not mean to say that disap-



pointed love, and the loss of the loved, may not form a true motive of tragedy; the instances we have just cited show the contrary. But it is requisite that the passion should be prominently brought before us in all its fatal and inevitable vehemence. Now this is not done here. Some may doubt whether the fancy of childhood can ever strengthen into the dominant passion of mature years; but Mr. Tennyson assures us that it can.

"How should Love,

Whom the cross-lightnings of four chance-met eyes  
Flash into fiery life from nothing, follow  
Such dear familiarities of dawn?  
Seldom, but when he does, master of all."

This may be so, but what we complain of is that it is not shown to be so in "Aylmer's Field." We are told, indeed, that the lovers were dear to each other; but this is not brought home to us with any dramatic force; there is nothing of the passion which burns in every line of "Maud." We cannot but regard this want of the due presentation of an adequate motive as a serious defect in the construction of the poem as a whole.

"Aylmer's Field" seems also open to objection in point of form. The crisis in the piece is brought about by the ascendancy of low natures; it is the perfected triumph of ill-doing. Such things doubtless are; but they are not themes which can be expressed in any form of poetic art. To solve or justify the mystery of evil may be attempted, and in part achieved, in the drama with its wide scope, and the complex relations both of events and of characters which it is able to grasp and present. But this cannot be in the least degree achieved in a short narrative poem, of necessity direct in its view, and limited in its range. Accordingly, it is not attempted here, and the result is that we have a picture of pure wretchedness and mishap,—the unredeemed mastery of evil; and that, we venture to think, is an unfit subject for art. In short, "Aylmer's Field" is a deep tragedy without the requisite tragic form, or the necessary tragic passion and atmosphere. We may be wrong in all this; but we feel confident that we are not wrong in the next objection.

We object still more strongly to the manner of Leolin's death. "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet" have been written, and therefore we cannot say that suicide must be rejected

from poetry. But we may say that it must be employed very sparingly, and only under very peculiar conditions. When distance of time softens down the harsh reality, in a different state of society, and under different standards of manliness and of morality, it may be all very well. But it does not do nowadays. Were any young gentleman in the Temple to cut his throat some morning, because an heiress to whom he was betrothed had died, we fear the world would experience very little of the tragic feeling, or at least that pity would be dashed with no small amount of disgust and contempt. It is a thing with which it is simply impossible for us to sympathize. If it be urged that the date of this tragedy is 1793, we answer, first, that suicide was in 1793 regarded very much in the same light as it would be regarded in 1864; and, second, that the poem is really one of our own time, that the date is merely nominal, marked only by one or two passages, as if introduced for this special purpose,—especially by an allusion to the French Revolution in Averill's discourse, which strikes us as much out of place, marring not a little the natural sequence of the preacher's impassioned rhetoric. Moreover, there is nothing whatever in Leolin's character to make us anticipate for him such an ending. The sensitive, hysterical, half-mad lover of "Maud" resists a temptation which at once overpowers the sound, manly, "sanguine" lawyer.

But were there many more and greater drawbacks than these, "Aylmer's Field" would yet remain a very noble poem. Samples cannot fairly represent the work of a great artist, but our quotations will give the reader at least an idea of the beauties which abound in these pages. The diction has all Mr. Tennyson's wonted felicity and grandeur, the imaginative power in the lesser parts is quick and strong, often curiously rich and playful, as with the rabbit and the weasel, the Newfoundland dog, and "the tender pink five-beaded baby-soles;" the sentiment is lofty and true; and the stern satire which now and again flashes out, the fervid exhortation and the teaching of the whole story, well become a great poet addressing a somewhat material and worldly age.

Of the three remaining "Idylls of the Heath," we can speak but briefly. They are in a homelier style than the two on which

we have dwelt so long; have less elaboration of ornament, less fervor of feeling. "The Grandmother" is a charming picture of serene old age. She has just heard of the death of the last child left to her, her first-born; and now, surviving all, save one little granddaughter, old memories throng fast upon her. Her mind, busy with the past, goes slipping back upon the golden days of youth and love again; her children's feet patter round her; she hears their voices singing to their team in the field:—

"They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—  
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead."

It is a retrospect less poetical than "The Miller's Daughter," less artistic in form, but with more of the varied reality, the shadow and the sunshine of life,—very beautiful and tender and true. "Northern Farmer" is peculiar. It is the deathbed of an agriculturist of the old school, who insists on drinking his ale as usual, in defiance of the doctor, and rests satisfied with having done his duty by the land, and particularly with having "stubb'd Thornaby waiiste," regardless of the admonitions of the parson. It is in a quite different style from the tender melancholy of "The Grandmother," and will hardly be so generally attractive; but it is a sketch of great power, with a rough but thoroughly genuine pathos, sustained with perfect dramatic propriety, and not devoid of some sound practical theology. Perhaps, however, its somewhat stern irony would have been better suited, we think, to the genius of Mr. Browning. "Sea Dreams," if we remember rightly, appeared not long ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*; it seems to us the least successful of all. In "Enoch Arden" and "Aylmer's Field" we have a story worked out at length, embracing within its development the whole lives of the actors. In "The Grandmother" and "Northern Farmer," again, we have a crisis in life selected which affords natural occasion for an adequate representation of the whole character. In "Sea Dreams" we have neither of these things. A city clerk and his wife, anxious about the health of their child, and he at least also sorely disturbed as to the result of a speculation into which he had been inveigled, go to the seaside. When there, each dreams a dream, on awakening from which the husband is persuaded by his wife to forgive the man who

had defrauded him, and then they go to sleep again. The dreams are, of course, magnificently described; and the way in which the novel phenomena of the sea affect the minds of the dreamers, and are connected with their waking thoughts, is managed with great skill. But, on the whole, we feel that the poem fails to command our interest.

Several smaller pieces follow under the head "Miscellaneous," some of which have appeared in the *Cornhill*. "Tithonus" is not unworthy to be placed beside the gorgeous mythological pictures of "Cenone" and "The Lotus-Eaters." There are a few exquisite gems, as "In the Valley of Caunteret" and "Requiescat;" while others, as "The Voyage" and "The Islet," are rather to be classed with the poet's early efforts, of uncertain meaning, or of purely pictorial beauty without human interest. Of the two or three "Experiments" in unusual metres, with which the volume closes, the most noticeable is a wonderfully perfect rendering of the night scene at the end of the eighth book of the *Iliad*, which has ever been the despair of translators.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in one of those Occasional Papers\* which, when brought together, will furnish us with some of the most subtle and most cultivated criticism in the language, thus expresses himself: "Poetry is the interpreter of the natural world, and she is the interpreter of the moral world. Poetry interprets in two ways; it interprets by expressing with magical felicity the physiognomy and movement of the outward world, and it interprets by expressing, with inspired conviction, the ideas and laws of the inward world of man's moral and spiritual nature. In other words, poetry is interpretative both by having *natural magic* in it, and by having *moral profundity*." Mr. Tennyson's poetry is, to a certain extent, interpretative in both these ways. Beyond question it has the "moral profundity." In interpreting the inward world of the human heart lies his especial power,—a power which has gone on increasing with his widening experience and the greater maturity of his genius. The outward world he approaches in a manner peculiarly his own. He is not, indeed, the high-priest of nature as was Wordsworth. With all his vivid appreciation of the beauty of the universe, it does

\* *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1863.

not alone suffice for his genius. Never in his later poems does he present to us the external world without immediate relation to humanity. His landscape is never inanimate. His principle is, as it were, to interpret nature to us through man: his scenery is always closely connected with the human interests of his story, and takes its coloring from those who see it or describe it. Nor do we think that it is the less true, or comes to us with a less fullness of teaching on that account. This volume is unusually rich in those pictures, and, much as we have already quoted, we must make room for two of them.

Here is an English village cared for by an Englishwoman:—

"For out beyond her lodges, where the brook  
Vocal, with here and there a silence, ran  
By sawlows rims, arose the laborers' homes,  
A frequent haunt of Edith, on low knolls  
That dimpling died into each other, huts  
At random scattered, each a nest in bloom.  
Her art, her hand, her counsel all had wrought  
About them: here was one that, summer-blanch'd,  
Was parcel-bearded with the traveller's joy  
In autumn, parcel ivy-clad; and here  
The warm, blue breathings of a hidden hearth  
Broke from a bower of vine and honeysuckle:  
One looked all rose-tree, and another wore  
A close set robe of jasmine sown with stars:  
This had a rosy sea of gilly-flowers  
About it; this, a milky-way on earth,  
Like visions in the Northern dreamer's heavens,  
A lily-avenue climbing to the doors;  
One, almost to the martin-haunted eaves  
A summer burial deep in hollyhocks;  
Each, its own charm; and Edith's everywhere."

And, as a contrast to this happy picture, take the following description of tropical beauty, grown hateful to the lonely cast-away, almost bewildering the imagination with its rich magnificence:—

"The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns  
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,  
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,  
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,  
The lustre of the long convolvuluses  
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran  
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows  
And glories of the broad belt of the world,—  
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen  
He could not see, the kindly human face,  
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard  
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,  
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,  
The moving whisper of huge trees that branched  
And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep  
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,  
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long  
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,  
A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail:

No sail from day to day, but every day  
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts  
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;  
The blaze upon the waters to the east;  
The blaze upon his island overhead;  
The blaze upon the waters to the west;  
Then the great stars that globed themselves in  
heaven,  
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again  
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

A sadly erroneous notion appears to prevail at present among some readers and many writers of verse, that obscurity of thought, or of expression, or of both, is a merit in poetic composition. The history, so to speak, of Mr. Tennyson's writings affords a signal refutation of this fallacy. Many of his earlier efforts were certainly open to the charge of being hard to understand. From the first, however, this blemish never rested on his best poems, and gradually obeying the doctrine of the soundest critics, and following the example of the greatest masters of his art, he has come to recognize the value and the beauty of simplicity. "In Memoriam," perhaps, contains some traces of the original fault; but the whole of that poem cannot be ascribed to the date of its publication, and in all his writings since, his diction has been, like crystal, at once clear and splendid. In the fullness of his experience and the maturity of his powers, he has risen altogether above this pernicious weakness or affectation. Poetry, according to Milton, must be "simple, sensuous, and passionate;" and Coleridge's commentary on these words is a rebuke, and should be a lesson to the numerous versifiers who, having nothing particular to say, seem to think that the power of darkness will transform it into something:—

"The first condition, simplicity,—while on the one hand, it distinguishes poetry from the arduous processes of science, laboring toward an end not yet arrived at, and supposes a smooth and finished road, on which the reader is to walk onward easily, with streams murmuring by his side, and trees and flowers and human dwellings to make his journey as delightful as the object of it is desirable, instead of having to toil with the pioneers, and painfully make the road on which others are to travel,—precludes, on the other hand, every affectation and morbid peculiarity; the second condition, sensuousness, insures that framework of objectivity, that definiteness and articulation of imagery, and that modification of the images themselves, without which poetry becomes flat-

tened into mere didactics of practice, or evaporated into a hazy, unthoughtful day-dreaming; and the third condition, passion, provides that neither thought nor imagery shall be simply objective, but that the *passio vera* of humanity shall warm and animate both.\*

It does not greatly signify whether many of the poetasters now writing express themselves obscurely or no. Before we regret our inability to understand anything, we must first be persuaded that to understand it would be a gain. But it does signify very greatly that the popularity of a man of real genius should be marred, and his influence hampered and limited by a defect the more provoking because it appears to be wilful. And this, we fear, is the case with Mr. Browning. In intellectual power he is second to none; in the wide range of his sympathies he is superior to all; he possesses many of the highest qualities of the poet,—dramatic force, lyrical feeling, and richness of coloring; his poetry is both senuous and passionate; but simple it is not. In an appreciative and very interesting estimate of Mr. Browning in *Fraser's Magazine* for February, 1863, it is observed, with perfect truth, that "he does not care to study the stock passions." And it is precisely in this that we think he errs. The "stock passions," that is, the plain elements of human nature, are the proper material for the poet. To neglect these for subtle analysis and over-refinement may make delightful and instructive reading, but will not make good poetry. Profound speculation is not, indeed, incompatible with the highest poetry; for has not "Hamlet" been written? But then that speculation must be based on the passions and emotions which are common to all, and therefore sympathized in by all, on the human nature which makes the whole world kin, and must be confused by no allegories or half-utterances, but set forth with a clearness and distinctness which will bring them at once home to the heart. The peculiar glory of poetry lies in the suddenness and force with which it appeals to the imagination, and to this over-refinement of thought and obscurity of expression are alike fatal. Mr. Browning too often forgets that poetry is the strict antithesis of science, and instead of poems, gives us hard metaphysical studies, the difficulty of which is enhanced by the elliptical and involved language in which

\* "Literary Remains," ii. 10.

they are conveyed. It is to this cause, far more than to his frequent harshness, that the comparative indifference of the public—an indifference which will, we suspect, prove lasting—must be ascribed. It is not, indeed, to be expected that every poet should gain an early or noisy popularity. A Jeffrey may interpose, and for a time successfully, between a Wordsworth and the public. But it is to be required that every poet should write at the hearts of the people, and so doing, sooner or later, if he is a poet at all, he will reach them. Mr. Browning has not done so, as we rather think he has not greatly cared so to do; and to have failed in this, is to have won but an imperfect position, and to have lost claim to a place among the foremost poets.

Not that when Milton demanded simplicity in poetry he meant that poetry should be kept down to such a level that it can be appreciated and enjoyed by a hasty glance in any mood of the reader, like a sensation novel. He could never have countenanced the idea that the highest reach of the intellect cannot find appropriate exercise in poetry. His simplicity could never have been childishness. His authority, therefore, teaches us that to be simple is not inconsistent with depth or power, that to be profound it is not necessary to be obscure, that to speak darkly is no proof that we have thought clearly. This teaching is confirmed by his own example, and by the example of all our greatest poets, and so far as any of them have at any time forgotten it, so far have they fallen short of the full perfection of poetry. Mr. Tennyson, as we have already said, confirms it strongly. All his later poems, all his best poems of any date, are at once simple in their themes and clear in expression. And yet there has seldom been a poet more certain to remain all unknown to the careless reader, more certain to reward fully those who diligently study him. From a hasty perusal, a commonplace pleasure may doubtless be derived; but not in this fashion can the loftiness of his sentiment be reached, and the beauty of his details realized. Those only who have some heart to feel, some imagination to be roused, and who do not shrink from exercising their faculties when they read, will come to understand the artistic perfection, to know and value the pure and exalted spirit of his poetry.

We are often told that the present is not a poetical age. If by this is meant that the present age is not suited to the *production* of good poetry, it may be true. That, as matter of fact, very little good poetry is produced, no one will dispute. There is no want of writers who try, but a sad want of writers who succeed. In fact, verse-writing, according to the modern English school,—that school the leaders of which completed the revolution begun by Cowper, and which, with some slight modifications, has prevailed ever since,—is now exceedingly easy. In any kind of literature, when a certain style has gained a strong hold on public taste, multitudes of writers surely spring up who can imitate that style with facility, but who, beyond this trick, have in them no excellence at all. Most of English poetry now is just what English poetry was after the supremacy of Pope,—

“A mere mechanical art,  
And every warbler has his song by heart;”

or, as Mr. Tennyson puts the same idea in his little fable of “The Flower:”—

“Most can raise the flowers now;  
For all have got the seed.”

Such productions, for example, as “Tannhäuser,” and the verses of Owen Meredith, not to go lower in the scale, are very clever echoes, and no more. Poetical language has become so common, and all varieties of metrical form been so often exemplified, that to produce such echoes is a matter of small difficulty; requiring ingenuity, but nothing beyond. Real poetry, however,—perhaps for these very reasons,—always rare in a highly cultivated time, save when some mighty shock works a change in its ideas, and even on its language, is unusually rare at the present day.

On the other hand, if the remark that this is not a poetical age is to be taken as meaning that the age does not desire, or cannot appreciate, poetry, then it seems to be an erroneous remark. Certainly cultivation can in no way hinder the appreciation of poetry; and as little, we think, does it repress the desire for it. But it may be urged that our practical pursuits and material tendencies have this effect. To some extent this may be true, yet, on the other hand, these very tendencies will induce a certain liking for poetry, arising from the force of contrast,—as the

worst times of the French Court aped the fashions of pastoral life; and this liking, though coming from no very pure origin, may nevertheless lead to good issues in the end. In some shape or other, it is very certain that love of poetry yet exists among us. Like religion, it can never be altogether driven from the heart of man; and though the divine light may be obscured by pleasure, or excitement, or the contentment of material prosperity, it will kindle into brighter life at the bidding of genius. And great the meed of gratitude and honor to be paid to him who renders such service. Mr. Carlyle says somewhere, that “this age is incapable of being sung to in any but a trivial manner.” Mr. Tennyson has shown that it can be sung to in a manner quite other than trivial; and if this be possible, it is surely most desirable. It seems to us that the worst thing connected with this so much abused age is the literature on which it is forced to live. We have lost the only novelist who could raise us to true conceptions, or a pure ideal of life, and we are given over to the excitement of mere story-telling, or to the commonplace of Trollope, with its ordinary types and vulgar aims, stealing away our time pleasantly, without stirring one deep emotion, or inspiring one noble aspiration; not seeking to better the lives we lead, but rather doing honor to the mean reality; at its highest, holding up to us a photograph of ourselves, with our vices softened into weaknesses, and our prudences exalted into virtues. And yet we who are thus left desolate are not a generation apt to stone our prophets, as Mr. Carlyle himself can testify. Perhaps in this great scarcity we might do more than merely refrain from stoning them; we might render them honor more frankly than is our wont. Certainly no man living more deserves all honor, or has stronger claims on our grateful reverence, than the author of “Enoch Arden.”

It may be doubted whether this volume will speedily, if ever, gain the wide popularity of the “Idylls of the King.” It is not glorified by

“what resounds

In fable or romance of Uther's son,  
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;”

surely, the grandest theme that ever fired the imagination of a poet; nor can it boast the rich blossoms of poetry which were showered upon the “Idylls.” It seems almost tame



when we recall the brilliant, if somewhat fevered flush of passion which glows through every line of "Vivien." There is nothing to be compared with those exquisite flowers of song; "Too Late," or "Sweet is true Love," a want which we regret the more, because such ornament would have been quite in harmony with the general tone of these pages, and Mr. Tennyson's best songs are unsurpassed in our language. The death of Edith moves less keen emotion than the fading away of "the lily maid of Astolat;" the denunciations of Averill fall far short, both in power and pathos, of the majestic sorrow and heavenly forgiveness of Arthur.

Yet "Enoch Arden" commands sources of interest, humbler, perhaps, but not less enduring. The poet's genius has set itself to the noble task of shedding its light over common things; we are kept always in familiar paths, and see our ordinary life dignified and made beautiful by the charms of song. We learn how to live melodious days; we are shown what trials may await us, what sacrifices may be demanded of us, and in what spirit those sacrifices should be made, those trials borne: we are taught how, by purity of feeling and singleness of heart, what is lowly may become exalted, what is mean may be made noble, what is sorrowful may be turned into joy. Higher duty than this no man can perform; more glorious service no man can render to his fellows; Mr. Tennyson has never more clearly established his claim to our reverence as the true Poet and Teacher of his age.

From The Saturday Review.  
CROQUET.

IN English amusements, as in French studies, there is a bifurcation. Each sex has its own pastimes founded on instinct, and suited to its natural capacities. Hunting and shooting are to men what dress and fancy needlework are to women,—the expression of the admiration with which the former regard force, and the latter beauty. But between these extremes,—between the purely manly and the purely feminine amusements,—are others which may be called mixed or debatable. These belong to neither sex exclusively, and are suited to both. Billiards, for instance, reclaimed from the fumes of circumambient tobacco, is a game as fit for one sex as the other. It involves no greater

amount of physical force than it may become a woman to exert, and it elicits just those qualities in which she is usually most wanting,—accuracy and caution. It has received the highest possible sanction,—the pope himself, to say nothing of several Gallican bishops, handling a cue, it is understood, with some dexterity. At the present time, when the fair sex is claiming so many of man's prerogatives, we recommend billiards, on disciplinary grounds, to the attention of young ladies. Archery, again, is a recreation common to both sexes; though, as a set-off to the usurpation of billiards by man, woman is the real heroine of the archery meeting,—the male competitors, in their Lincoln green, looking painfully like licensed victuallers disporting themselves at a Foresters' *fête*. But neither billiards nor archery fulfil the requisite conditions of a game which large numbers of either sex can enjoy together. A billiard-table is an expensive luxury. *Non cuivis*. There is a stiffness and solemnity about archery,—the result probably of its Diana and Robin Hood associations,—which is quite in character with a grand field-day, the prelude to a county ball or musical festival, but is not exactly a provocative of homely every-day enjoyment.

Croquet is the best attempt which has yet been made to provide a game in which the two sexes can join. Depending on dexterity rather than strength, it admits of their contending against each other on equal terms. It has two advantages over billiards, to which, in a scientific point of view, it is immeasurably inferior,—first, that it is inexpensive, and, secondly, that it is played in the open air. These are two points which ought to recommend it to parents and guardians, whose object always is to combine health with economy. And it has this advantage over archery, that it is much less formal and much more feasible. A game that involves much previous arrangement, and the appointment of a secretary *ad hoc* will never attain general vogue. It is making a toil of a pleasure,—a proceeding to which Englishmen are particularly averse, taking their diversion often sadly, but never laboriously. It is the domesticity of croquet which makes it so acceptable. Given a plot of grass, be it in a London square or in front of a seaside lodging, and the inevitable hoops and mallets follow. There is not a vicarage garden which does

not resound with the click of colored balls. The country clergy have thrown themselves into the croquet movement with characteristic energy. It is admirably adapted for a clerical pastime. It can offend no parochial prejudice, as more muscular recreations often do, and it gratifies the polemical instincts of the cloth. Perhaps, as he scatters his adversaries' balls, his reverence imagines, for the moment, that he is roquetting Dr. Colenso, or treating Professor Jowett to a taste of the secular arm. Or, if his move be meditative, the intricacies of the game may suggest an argument for next Sunday's discourse, of which Hodge shall have the benefit. Young ladies are even more enthusiastic about croquet than young curates. They exhibit the same ardor, but diversities of skill. There is the brilliant young lady, whose stroke is unerring; and the strategical young lady, fertile in expedients, lavish of advice, always coaxing her supporters to make themselves stepping-stones for her to get at a distant enemy. There is the simple young lady, who never succeeds in grasping the principles of the game; the unprogressive young lady, who sticks at the third hoop; the oblivious young lady, who always forgets the order of playing and runs into the lion's jaws; and the perverse young lady, whose blows have the invariable effect of propelling her ball in a direction the exact contrary of that which she intends. Croquet, as a feminine amusement, has one great merit in which it differs from the games which girls used to play some twenty or thirty years ago. It is intended for amusement pure and simple, and not for moral or physical improvement. Jesuitical mothers with an eye to the future had a way of concealing a lesson under a pleasure, as they cajole their infants into swallowing a powder in jam. Their daughters were encouraged to play at *Les Grâces*, not as an innocent recreation, but as a covert means of giving them a graceful deportment or an elegant figure. Miss in her teens, as she handled the sticks, was unconsciously developing beauties which were to make her the cynosure of future ball-rooms. There is none of this unhealthy false pretence about croquet, which will be welcomed by thoughtful educators as a sign that this form of maternal artifice, at any rate, has been laid aside. Indirectly, however, croquet serves for another purpose than the mere amusement of the players. It is be-

coming a recognized mode of receiving afternoon visitors,—the nucleus of a good deal of pleasant, unceremonious hospitality. If there is one terror which haunts the British materfamilias and her daughters more than any other, it is asking people to what they call nothing. Croquet supplies that indispensable something which will justify an invitation. Neighbors are asked to croquet, as they are asked to luncheon, or a picnic. We English need every possible aid to sociability. Anything which tends to thaw the coating of starch which overlies our real kindness is deserving of encouragement.

There are two attractions of the fair sex which croquet might seem, to a superficial observer, chiefly designed to exhibit,—the exquisite finish of their *chaussure*, and their perfect command of temper. There are certain operations in the game, for a description of which we must refer our readers to the exhaustive treatise of Captain Mayne Reid, which display both these charms very prettily. A young lady who submits with good-humor, as young ladies invariably do, to the infliction known as a "roquet," will accept the rubs of life with good-humor, and may be safely credited with the possession of that equanimity which will make a husband happy. On the other hand, there is something extremely captivating about the fair executioner who deals the fatal blow as she stands with uplifted arm, poisoning her mallet and tapping her victim with the daintiest of Balmorals. No pen but that of the author of "Guy Livingstone" could do justice to so fascinating an attitude. Is it too much to hope that, in his next novel, he will turn to account his consummate skill in photographing his heroines' ankles by the introduction of a scene in which several cool captains and cooler young ladies shall occupy the moments between a steeple-chase and a prize-fight by a quiet game of croquet? But the final cause of croquet is neither to exhibit a neat foot nor to test a sweet temper. To one who looks below the surface, the prevalent mania has a much deeper meaning. Like all great inventions, it has been ushered in by premonitory symptoms. The public mind, or that fraction of the public mind represented by marriageable young ladies, has been gradually ripening for it. It is notorious that they have long felt straitened in their borders. Their darling wish of late years has been to

obtain fresh outlets for the exercise of their powers of fascination. All their ingenuity has been directed to the extension of the area of flirtation. This is only natural, and not at all unreasonable, when it is considered that, until lately, young ladies of eighteen and more enjoyed but two opportunities for shining in society. They might dine out and they might dance out. Thus much the usage of the drawing-room allowed, and no more. This instalment of liberty has proved, in course of time, miserably inadequate. A number of concurring causes have practically reversed the conditions under which that long and delicate business known as courtship proceeds. Instead of being wooed, the soft sex has been driven to enact the part of wooer. Can any lot be harder than to have to woo with no facilities for wooing? A man can choose his own times and opportunities for approaching the object of his admiration; but a young lady enjoys no such enviable discretion. She cannot of her own mere motion jump into a Hansom and take the train to Brighton, or Homburg, or whithersoever young love may bid her follow. A cruel edict of etiquette condemns her to inaction at the very moment when such a display of energy might secure her happiness. Against this tyranny of old-fashioned ideas young-ladydom has at last openly revolted. She demands a relief from disabilities which have long been irksome, and which, in the altered state of the marriage-market, have become simply intolerable. Like the Pharisee of old, young ladies want to be more seen of men. The cry is for more freedom, a wider field for flirting operations, multiplied opportunities for fascinating. It is in connection with this remarkable movement of the female mind that croquet assumes a deep significance. Its birth is shrouded in the veil of Magic and Mystery, which envelops Mr. Cremer's fashionable emporium. The world knows not even the name of one of its greatest benefactors. But, whoever the inventor of croquet may have been, he must have read aright the signs of the times. He must have observed the current of female thought, and the direction in which it has latterly been setting. His invention comes to supply a recognized want of the most interesting class of the community. It satisfies the yearnings of many gentle bosoms for male companionship in their sports. It draws the sexes nearer to

each other. It enables the fair to retain their adorers at their side. They have long looked with some little jealousy on that bifurcation of which we spoke at starting. The early disappearance of the male visitors in quest of fox or bird, and their absence during the greater part of the day, is the feature of country-house life which the female portion of the circle least appreciates. The more enterprising young ladies, who cannot bear the separation long, either take themselves to hunting, or join the shooters at luncheon, which is very flattering to them as men, but sometimes embarrassing to them as sportsmen. These spasmodic attempts to identify themselves with manly amusements do not generally meet with the success which they deserve. Croquet supplies a much safer and more legitimate opportunity for the enjoyment of male society; and it is a far greater triumph to attract a man from, instead of pursuing him into, his own field of recreation. Who shall say that the moments spent in dawdling on sunny lawns are wholly thrown away. The impression produced at last night's ball may be deepened into passion by the sight of beauty in difficulties, appealing with a tender glance for advice at every step of her erratic course through the hoops. The agreeable neighbor at last night's dinner-party, whose ready flow of prattle not even two converging crinolines with the thermometer at ninety degrees could arrest, will prove much more susceptible to female charms in the pure air of the garden than when held in a vice of invisible steel, and almost asphyxiated. Croquet thus comes in aid of other and more formal modes of entertainment. It serves as a link between the last ball and the next. There is every reason to believe that it fully answers the purpose of throwing the young people of either sex together in pleasant because unceremonious intercourse, and creating for them a fresh topic of common interest.

The future of croquet it is premature for us to predict. The rapidity with which the infection spreads is unprecedented. The fashionable epidemic catches first one class, and then another, and seems likely to penetrate to every part of the body politic. Already it has reached the middle classes—even the lower-middle, as they are called in the language of social science—to an extent which is not generally known. Farmers'

daughters are adding it to their other accomplishments of music and embroidery. The "young persons" who sit behind bars in all the glory of ringlets and radiant colors, and that much more impressive class of young persons who dispense, with queenly condescension, fiery soup or coffee at a railway buffet, snatch an interval from business hours to devote to croquet. There is no reason that it should stop there. Pending its introduction into national schools, one may venture to anticipate that it will not supersede, as it is not intended to supersede, any of the old-established games. Cricket, for the present, is safe. Croquet merely fills the gap in the cycle of amusements between that national sport and billiards.

From The Spectator.

#### BABIES' NAMES.

THE earnest little discussion which arises in a new nursery as to "dear baby's name" seems a little absurd to outsiders, but the instinct of mothers is right. The baby will not be lord high chancellor or an archbishop, as mamma and nurse think so probable, but through life one of the most direct influences bearing upon his fortunes will be his name. It is almost a quality which his mother gives him, something which may smooth his path like a new faculty, or retard it like some physical want or bodily deformity. So great is its influence that it seems a little hard the parent should have so despotic a power, that the child himself should not, say at fifteen, have the right to insist, if he sees fit, upon a legal rechristening. He must accept the family cognomen like any other decree of fate, and consent to be Sim for the same reason that he consents to be red-haired. But he need not be Sardanapalus Sim any more than he need have his eyebrows shaved, and it is a little unjust that a Byron-struck mother should have the right to inflict such a deformity. We do not allow a mother to tattoo a child, or burn letters upon its forehead, or snip bits off an already snub nose, and why should she be permitted to brand her child still more effectively, burden his life with a name like Adonijah, or Alietta Mehetable Chinnery Stubbs, or Susannah Marianna Moneybuckle Clayton, all real names of today, or render it ridiculous by calling him—we know the man—Noah's Ark Hodgson? The mother would be hooted if she deliber-

ately bred her son as a scamp, yet she may call him Jerry,—or taught him to be a sneak, yet she can compel all men to call him Uriah. It is very hard, and in that coming time when the dignity of humanity is fully appreciated, we expect to hear of a revolt of universal childhood in favor of extending that dearly loved privilege of babies', "doing things one's own self," to the right of rechristening. Mothers, however, are usually pretty sensitive to ridicule, and horrible names are consequently growing less common; but still there is a want of principle in the matter, a need of a nursery law to which the injudicious, or the weak, or the over-political may at a pinch appeal. Women are imaginative, and apt to fall under the influence of novels and superstition, leading to names like Zannoni Tompkins, and Mephibosheth Britain; and fathers are disposed to name their children not with any reference to their comfort, but to advertise their own connections, or convictions, or, worse than all, admirations. Whether any man ever really called his son Acts because "he'd used up the evangelists, and wanted to compliment the apostles a bit," may reasonably be doubted; but the habit of "complimenting" the great by using their names is very widely diffused. Percy at one time became so common as to be regularly admitted into the list of "Christian names," and Victor will from this year be added to that very limited repertoire. There must be scores of children by this time all ticketed Garibaldi, a process equivalent to branding a date on their foreheads, and it is lucky for the next generation of girls that the princess's name is an old one; for if it had been Cæsaræa or Napoleona they would have borne it none the less. So long as the name is generic, mere ugliness does not greatly matter to the child, but a name given from admiration is almost always peculiar; and if the original wearer were widely known, it is difficult to inflict on a child a deeper injury. It puts him throughout his whole life out of gear with his associations, dislocates the idea of the man from the idea of his name till the mere mention of him excites a smile. If his career is utterly unlike that of his namesake, there is a sense of dissonance; if it resembles it, there is the impression of inferiority. Nothing could be worse for a rising general than to be named Napoleon, yet the title would sound as ridiculous if attached to a



white-faced curate. In most instances the secret idea of the unlucky man would be to live up to his name, to be Mirabeau Stubbs the Revolutionist, an idea sure to spoil his life; but even if it worked the other way, half his energy would be exhausted in merely getting rid of his burden. There is or was a very respectable shoemaker in Norwich to whom his father, a freethinker like most cobblers, gave the names of Voltaire Paine Smith. Smith grew up a meek, godly Sunday-school teacher, with no brains, and his name would have proved a serious embarrassment to his piety but that his neighbors fortunately for his repute in class-meeting could not pronounce it. They called him in their ignorance Vulture Smith, and the poor man complained with tears in his eyes that he, best meaning of imbecile mortals, was universally believed to have earned a nickname by cruel usury. "Napoleon Price" of Bond Street, we suspect, has found his name worth an annuity; for nobody can forget his advertisements, from the absurd contrast between the ideas suggested by the conqueror's name and the hair-oil his namesake sells, but in private life it must be a very considerable bore. There is the poor man who died this week so suddenly at the St. Pancras meeting, Mr. Washington Wilks. He was, we believe, a decidedly intelligent man, very earnest in his somewhat advanced opinions, and a very good speaker; but if he had been an orator beyond compare, he never could have lived down his name. Somehow the treble relation called up by it, the remembrance of Washington and of Wilkes, and of the difference between the two, and the sense of the contrast between both and a vestry agitator, was too strong for common sense or kindness. We heard a very good-natured man remark on the catastrophe, "natural for such a name to die of a public meeting," and probably, except among those who knew him, there was not one who could quite escape the sense of incongruity between the horror of the event and the effect of the sufferer's name, and all incongruity is grotesque. Byron Brown may be a most respectable man, but nobody will ever believe in his verses, and Demosthenes Jones had better follow any trade than that of a public speaker. The mothers may rest assured that of all the mistakes they can make, that of giving their babies names which suggest to all men distinct

associations, calling their boys Gracchus or their daughters Semiramis, is the very worst. There is some reason for the growing dislike to the twelve or fifteen names once called distinctively Christian, probably because they have no relation whatever to Christianity; for the use of a name is to insure distinctiveness, and when whole clans are named Henry, distinctiveness is not attained. But if they want a new list, let them shun the conquerors and poets and politicians and agitators and ancient Hebrews and either employ a surname,—the use of the mother's surname as the eldest son's prænomen is a blameless and useful custom, and very "aristocratic,"—or revert to the old Saxon reservoir now so liberally drawn upon for girls, but still neglected for boys' names.

From The Saturday Review.

#### A TRANSCENDENTAL MECCA.

THE title of a Transcendental Mecca has been bestowed on the town of Concord by a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, who has given a very interesting account of the society that has been gathered together round Mr. Emerson and the other chief persons of his school.

It is a society which is very well worth studying, not only because there are men belonging to it who earned and deserved some slight degree of fame, but also because it has really affected and stimulated the national mind of the Federal Americans, and still more because it is a violent reaction against the spirit and ways of the middle classes of New England. In the New England States there is exhibited to the highest degree that union of a keen pursuit of wealth and a blind adherence to the remains of the Puritan creed which has stamped itself on so many country towns in England as their chief characteristic. In England there is a gradual change going on which affects country towns as well as every other part of the kingdom. There is a flow of the modern spirit,—of that spirit which Dr. Newman so bitterly hates and so consistently hates under the name of Liberalism,—a spirit that forces its way, like the tide, into all the little creeks and bays, as well as into the big harbors and the deep channels. But there is nothing like a reaction in the circle of our commercial and Puritan world. There is no movement from within, and only a gentle movement from without. It is to the credit



of the Americans that they, being destitute of those sources of a refining and elevating influence which silently and gradually change one sphere after another of English society, should have been able to produce a reaction and counter-movement of some sort. There is hope for a nation when its thought has thus much of elasticity; and there is still more hope when a movement in strong opposition to prevailing notions, and to the ordinary thoughts of thriving dictatorial men, holds its own, wins the affectionate admiration of ardent and generous minds, and persuades and instigates a powerful minority to assert itself in the face of a compact tyrannous majority. There are many things in American transcendentalism which are amusing and some that are even ludicrous; there are many things in it that are founded on great mistakes, and there are some things in it that are mere idle puzzles. Perhaps there is scarcely anything in it of any great value to Englishmen. The countrymen of Wordsworth and Shelley need not fatigue themselves with making the pilgrimage to a Transcendental Mecca beyond the Atlantic. But an Englishman would be a very poor and narrow critic who was satisfied with merely laughing at American transcendentalism and showing its philosophical mistakes. There is much more in it for us than food for ridicule or literary criticism. It records the first great protest, made in the breast of a society like the mass of middle-class English society, against the spirit and teaching of that society. Being like us in many respects, and being haunted with the thoughts of a nobler life, recoiling from the abyss of arrogant comfort, and at the same time not having anything at hand like our church and universities and aristocracy, and our proximity to the Continent, and feeling horror and contempt for Puritanism in the ugliness of its decay, some of the nobler men of America sought and found a refuge in transcendentalism. This was the Zoar to which they fled, and there they found rest, and grew strong, and awoke in the minds of many of those around them the chord which answers to the assertion of high purposes and the record of noble aspirations. The describer of the Transcendental Mecca tells us how, when he was a lad in Virginia, he one day read a volume of Mr. Emerson's writings, and instantly his whole life was changed. He had found a prophet in his own

country, and he determined to give up everything and become one of this prophet's disciples. He has learned to write of Mr. Emerson and his friends in a calm and sensible tone, and can feel and own amusement when he recalls some of the foibles and eccentricities of those who were gathered together at Concord. But his heart is full of love and reverence for those who, as he thinks, pointed him the way to right and truth, and filled his soul with longing for something richer than fine gold and sweeter than the honeycomb. Every mode in which, at any time, and in any country, this longing has been created and satisfied, is so precious to mankind that only fools will sneer at it because it may have been partial and imperfect.

Of the prophets who lived at Concord, Mr. Emerson was the chief. It was, indeed, because he lived there that the others came. Within the limits of the personal experience of the writer in *Fraser*, Mr. Emerson's great influence began with an address to the students of Cambridge, in which he openly declared that Webster, who was then the idol of Cambridge, was a very poor idol of clay, not worth worshipping, and in which he asserted that things were going downward in America, and that its great men had ceased to be. He was loudly hissed; but many of his hearers were much impressed, and a large party went over to hear him lecture at Concord. "The lecture," we are told, "was on Poetry, and the effect of it was electrical. When it was over, there was a deep silence, which no one seemed willing to break." And then there follows a touch of that sensibility or sentimentalism which comes naturally, it must be owned, to some minds, and which they would lose by repressing, but which is alien to English reserve, and easily declines into exaggeration and silliness. "Otto Dresel, the first musical artist in America, who was present, went to the piano and gave three of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, which said all that could be said, after which the company separated." At Concord, the writer also saw Mr. Clough, who, as he said, "did not so much find in America friends as lovers." We regret that the writer's sense of bathos was not acute enough to prevent him from going on to add, "There was not one superior person who was not pleased to meet him." To Concord, also, Theodore Parker used to repair, "to

recover from his wounds by contact with nature," and Agassiz was welcomed there for his science, and gladly went there "for the philosophical interpretations which, with the transcendentalist, were always awaiting and anticipating scientific facts and discoveries." Among the less known and more purely local frequenters or inhabitants of this Mecca were Thoreau, Alcott, and Margaret Fuller. Of Thoreau we learn that he "was a man of such wonderful, even unparalleled intimacy with nature that his biography, when it is written, will seem a myth." A. Bronson Alcott appears to have been a pedler with a large family, "which he was, humanly speaking, utterly unable to support." How any of the set of people managed to live, and eat bread and meat every day, is surprising; but the world is astonishingly kind to those who try to reform it, and there are always rich people who are sufficiently pricked with uneasiness at their wealth to gratify the pleasant caprice of giving unexpected presents to those among the poor who seem to be something out of the common way. Alcott is an energetic Platonist, and the logician and the humorist are his mortal foes. He has an idea that children are new arrivals from a higher world,—a notion which the writer gently ridicules by putting down accurately a conversation which Alcott had with a child, and in which the child, not being aware that he was expected to give intimations of immortality, answered the questions put to him in a straightforward and prosaic manner. For instance, when Alcott asked, "When a little infant opens its eyes upon this world, and sees things out of itself, and has the feeling of admiration, is there in that feeling the beginning of worship?" the boy very sensibly replied, "No, Mr. Alcott, a little baby does not worship."

Of Margaret Fuller the writer speaks with great respect, although he sketches the course of one of her conversations, or philosophical social discussions, "for the drollery of it;" and certainly nothing can sound more absurd to English readers. The party seems to have consisted almost entirely of ladies, and only ladies took part in the discussion. The question of that particular meeting was "What is life?" and Margaret Fuller stimulated or piqued her friends by declaring at the outset her conviction that none of those present had a distinct idea of life. Then came a series of

shots offered by these female philosophers in turn, who were each prepared at a moment's notice. Miss C., for example, said that "Life is to laugh or cry according to our organization." Miss P. said, "Life is division from one's principle of life in order to a conscious reorganization." Mrs. A. B. thought the object of life was to obtain absolute freedom. At last Margaret Fuller gave her view of life, and "her answer was so full, clear, concise, and inspiring, that the reporter was magnetized and unable to record it accurately." As far as he could recollect, her view was that "Love and Creativeness are dynamic forces, out of which we individually, as creatures, go forth bearing His image, that is, having within our being the same dynamic forces, by which we add constantly to the whole sum of existence"—and so on through one or two sentences equally lucid and valuable. Ridicule would have no function in the world if it might not laugh down such nonsense as this, and if it could not clear society of rubbish like the dissertations of these ladies on Life. But although the conversations of Margaret Fuller may have been pretentious and silly, and although there is feebleness and folly in all the sayings and writings of these transcendentalists, there was in all, and especially in Mr. Emerson, a sincere, and it may be said a burning wish to get hold of something in life that would offer man in America a new beginning, and make him nobler and better than he exhibited himself in Boston and New York.

The first assumption of the transcendentalists was that the historical creed of Christendom was dead. They did not stop to prove it. They voted it, as it were, by acclamation; for to them this creed meant Puritanism in its degeneracy, and this was the most degrading of spiritual tyrannies. But then, if there is to be no definite religion in the world, what is to be the food of the spirit striving to grow better and nobler? This was the real question which the transcendentalists set themselves to answer, and it is to their credit that they saw that, this was the question they had to answer, and that they set to work to the best of their power. All answers given to this greatest of questions resolve themselves into two. Either the answerer says that no precise and satisfactory reply can be given, and that refuge must be taken in the zealous discharge of the duties

of practical life, and in the pursuit of self-culture,—which substantially is the answer given by Goethe; or else the answerer must say that there is a universal mystery in the world ever being revealed to those whose eyes are purified to see it, and that the apprehension of this mystery is the true religion. This is the answer of the transcendentalists, and Emerson apprehended a kind of double meaning in the scheme of things, just as Theodore Parker apprehended an absolute and intuitive morality. The great key to this mystery of things is assumed to be the study of the face of nature,—of trees, rocks, and animals. A man, it is thought, who is determined to find a mystery in the universal scheme of things, can so gaze, and lose himself in gazing, upon things animate and inanimate, that he sees behind them, perceives the true forms of which they are the shadows, and lives in the world of reality and not in that of appearance. Whatever philosophical defects this system may have, it evidently offers to minds weary of the self-complacent life of a bustling commercial town the attraction of having to seek wisdom from solitude and the country; and it offers to minds recoiling from the grim logic of Puritanism, a vague, subtle, gentle religiousness. This, perhaps, explains the hold it gained on American minds, and the enthusiasm with which the Mecca, when it flourished, was regarded. But then, how is such a philosophy to be prosecuted, and with what are the philosophers to occupy themselves? How are they to connect themselves with practical life, and to say something that will instruct and please the outer world? They may, among other things, survey life and think over it until they have shaped an abundance of little epigrams about it; and this appears to have been the favorite occupation of the prophets of the Transcendental Mecca. They were always setting themselves such problems as Margaret Fuller set the unhappy ladies of her circle. To say a neat thing about life seemed to them the most wise, practical, and philosophical thing they could do. Almost all Mr. Emerson's writings are composed of these philosophical epigrams,—some good, some bad, and many without meaning. A few of Mr. Alcott's have been collected by the writer in *Fraser*. They run in this way:—"Opinions are life in foliage, deeds in fruitage;" "Obedience is the mediator of

the soul,"—sentences which sound neat, and would probably be found by any one who would take the trouble to unravel them to do nothing worse than wrap up a platitude in obscurity. Pantheism, the study of physics, and the construction of philosophical epigrams were thus the chief glory and occupation of the dwellers in Mecca; and if any one is inclined to cast stones at them, let him first remember what is the nature of that spirit of commercial Puritanism against which they entered a protest that was honest, and not ineffectual.

From The Spectator.

#### THE METAPHYSICS OF AN AUTOMATON.

MR. BABBAGE, in his amusing book, enters at some length and very instructively into the intellectual advantages and disadvantages of automaton as compared with men. In many respects, of course, Mr. Babbage assigns them a very great superiority. Of those of a mathematical bent, for instance, it is not so much true that they *wont* make mistakes as that they *can't*. And yet they are perfectly aware of their own needs, and ring the bell quite cheerfully when in want of their human attendants. When one of Mr. Babbage's mathematical automatons "wanted a tabular number, say the logarithm of a given number, it would ring a bell, and then stop itself. On this the attendant would look at a certain part of the machine, and find that it wanted the logarithm of a given number, say of 2,303. The attendant would then go to the drawer containing the pasteboard cards representing its table of logarithms. From this he would take the required logarithmic card and place it on the machine. Upon this the engine would first ascertain whether the assistant had or had not given him the correct logarithm of the number; if so, it would use it, and continue its work. But if the engine found the attendant had given him a wrong logarithm, it would then ring a louder bell and stop itself. On the attendant again examining the engine, he would observe the words 'wrong tabular number,' and discover that he really had given the wrong logarithm, and of course he would have to replace it by the right one." This clearly is an automaton of the highest order of mechanical intelligence and purpose, and yet it combines with this pertinacity of resolution and discrimination

of understanding an absolutely unerring accuracy in arithmetical operations. Indeed, it is more than unerring, incapable of error. Robert Houdin's automatons were of very different and very inferior order to most of Mr. Babbage's, and compare rather with Mr. Babbage's "silver lady," who received his guests, than with the great intelligences which the English philosopher called into existence. For instance, Robert Houdin invented a writing man which wrote or drew answers to questions that were put to it, and which was once, in 1848, so fortunate in its guess-work that in drawing a crown as the symbolic answer to a question about the destiny of the present Count de Paris, the pencil broke in its hand, and left the crown a mere unfinished anticipation, almost a prophecy. But, in general, even this automaton's intellect was strictly limited by that of M. Houdin's,—giving, for instance, in answer to Louis Philippe's question about the population of Paris, the number according to the old census, without allowance for the subsequent increase. This automaton, therefore, was only an ingenious trick, was scarcely, indeed, a much greater triumph than Vaucanson's automatic duck, which quacked, put out its bill to drink and dabble, swallowed seed, digested it, and passed it by the ordinary channels. Mere imitative motions like these are scarcely worthy of the name of automatic. On the other hand, Mr. Babbage's intellectual automatons perform with far greater precision, and on a far more extended scale, operations of which its maker of course fully understood the theory, but in which he is by no means infallible in practice,—in other words, they far outstrip him in the *application* of his own mathematical principles. The curious and instructive point is, however, to note their specific intellectual disadvantages and difficulties when you compare them with the more fallible intelligence of living men. Mr. Babbage gives us a very interesting illustration of the exact point of divergence between subordinate automatic intelligence and the human intellect which invented it. He proclaims that, in principle at least, all games of skill could be played by automatons constructed on the same general theory as his Calculating Machines, and he has proceeded some way towards the invention of an automaton intended to play at the very simple game called indifferently

"noughts and crosses" or "tit-tat-to." There was, however, one *not* insuperable, but characteristic difficulty. In any case in which *it does not matter* which of two or three moves should be made by the automaton, it is still absolutely necessary not only to make the automaton select one of them, but to select that one *on rule*. Now as there is no principle arising out of the intellectual conditions of the game to provide a rule, it became necessary to make an *arbitrary* rule for the automaton's guidance in this case,—a "ceremonial law," as we may call it, failing an intellectual law. It is nearly a parallel to the case of what we may call the *etiquettes* of good society. We all know that there is no intrinsic reason why tail-coats are worn in the evening and frock-coats in the morning, and on that very account the rule is more stringent, and its infringement graver, than in the case of rules of social courtesy for which there is good reason. The explanation is, we suppose, that if there were no rule at all, then there would be caprice and confusion and anarchy, while in the case of the *natural* law there would be still something *tending* to enforce it even if custom were silent. Hence an arbitrary rule is laid down in such cases which soon gets more honor and respect than even rules with a bottom to them. For a very similar reason, Mr. Babbage had to find his automaton a principle on which to choose between the two or three equally good moves, and make him put his noughts and crosses in a given place for fear of the anarchical embarrassment which would arise if he had no definite line of action before him. The first arbitrary rule he invented was "to make the machine keep a record of the number of games it had won from the commencement of its existence. Whenever two moves, which we may call A and B, were equally conducive to winning the game, the automaton was made to consult the record of the number of games he had won. If that number happened to be *even*, he was directed to take the course A, if *odd*, the course B. If there were three moves equally possible, the automaton was directed to divide the number of games he had won by 3. In this case the numbers 0, 1, or 2 might be the remainders, and the machine was directed to take the course A, or B, or C, accordingly." In other words, the automaton gets into difficulties exactly where



what metaphysicians call the "liberty of indifference" would come into play. He is obliged to have a rule of conduct when there is no reason why there should be a rule at all, because he, like the victims of society, can have nothing left to his discretion. If he once finds himself without a specific direction as to what he is to do next, he is a lost creature; the law of his being fails him; he must refer back to his government for instructions; he has no power to make a choice. At this meeting of the ways, accordingly, Mr. Babbage has to invent something equivalent to a binding etiquette for his automaton who can do everything but act *without* a criterion, but does not care in the least whether that criterion is natural, or artificial and arbitrary. There is a curious parallel to this in the mode adopted by young or superstitious people who cannot decide for themselves what to do or how to believe, and who fix on some arbitrary test which shall be a sign to them what they shall do or believe. Thus an odd number of magpies decides many people to expect misfortune, and an even number success. Or, to take a real instance, Mr. Babbage himself when a child was much exercised with doubts whether the religious truths he had learned in the Bible were true or not, and he made for himself an arbitrary test by which he determined to be guided. He said to himself that if on going to a certain room in his home he should find the door open, he would believe what he had been taught; but if it should be shut, that he would not. He cannot remember, he tells us, whether in fact he found it open or shut, but he supposes the former, as his childhood was for many years disturbed by no further doubts on the subject. Now this only differs from the considerations which determined his own automaton's next move in this, that the arbitrary sign was, or at least appeared to be, *his own* selection, while the automaton's equally arbitrary sign was selected for it by Mr. Babbage.

What, now, is the real difference between the intelligence of the automaton and that of man? Some people will say at once *consciousness*: the child is conscious of his calculating power and perhaps of its method, the automaton not. But then it is not the fact that people are conscious of half the mental operations they perform, and many thinkers now maintain that some of their

most wonderful intellectual efforts are done in complete unconsciousness. It is the favorite explanation of the spirit drawing and writing phenomena,—so far as they are not trickeries,—that the intellect acts in them *automatically*; that is, uses intellectual tests and criteria without being conscious that it is using them. We have seen very beautiful drawings made by a lady of the most unquestionable honor and integrity, who avers not only that she never could draw at all till the "influence" seized her, but that she never at any time knew what the next stroke of her drawing was to be; nay, that the unfolding of the subject was a greater surprise and interest to her than to those who were watching her, as it grew under her hand. Now, we have always explained this as being unconscious artistic instinct developing itself,—in other words, *unconscious intellect*. If there be such a phenomenon, and we believe all the physicians who have studied dreams, the acts of somnambulists, and so forth, affirm it most strongly, in what does the unconscious intelligence of the automaton contrived beforehand by Mr. Babbage differ from the unconscious intelligence of man or woman contrived beforehand by the Creator of man? If we once admit the absolute unconsciousness of the latter, we doubt whether the acutest metaphysician could find a discriminating criterion. The law of unbroken necessity applies equally to both, for if ever you come to a point where courses of action diverge, and there is absolutely nothing to determine which course shall be chosen, the automatic action of the human intelligence would cease, and either be wakened up into an act of conscious choice, or be foiled as completely as the automaton. In short, what Mr. Babbage's automatons teach us is that consciousness is really a *defect* and a *cause of error* so far as the mere carrying out of absolutely necessary intellectual laws is concerned; and that either a human intelligence acting automatically, or a machine contrived by human intelligence, will carry out all such necessary laws more precisely and rapidly than a mind which reflects upon what it is doing. But they also teach us that where the inexorable chain-work of necessary law ends, there the use of freedom and consciousness begins,—of freedom, because an artificial and arbitrary law has to be introduced to guide the automaton, sim-



ply because it is not equal to that very low and simplest of all free acts,—the tossing up, as it were, which of two or three equally beneficial courses it shall take, because it cannot determine *itself*, and in the absence of *reason* must be determined by a *rule*;—of consciousness, because all free choice, all acts of *judgment*, involve consciousness, and though the intellect can act, so to say, in a linear way, that is, along a stream of necessary sequences, without awakening, the moment it has to *divide* itself, as it were,—to enter into two different but simultaneous courses, and select between them,—it is no longer capable of automatic action, and must take up self-knowledge in the very act of choosing between two alternatives. Mr. Babbage's ingenious experiments constitute a very curious demonstration that the more mechanical, the more automatic, is the action of the intellect, the freer from error will be the operations which it performs; that the intellectual automaton is for its purposes the superior of the intellect, because it has neither freedom nor consciousness to disturb its operations; but that where the automaton gets into difficulties is exactly at that point which the reigning school of philosophy wish to ignore altogether,—the point where freedom and self-consciousness enter together into mental life.

From The Spectator, 10 Sept.

#### MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS AT RICHMOND.

WHATEVER else the struggle between the North and South teaches us, it ought to teach us above everything the moral and political value of a government, that,—we cannot say in *worth*,—but in dignity of attitude and bearing does more than represent,—misrepresents by far excelling,—the nation which it governs. For all purposes of external policy, for all purposes of what we may call ideal or imaginative nationality, the men who wield the government of a nation are the symbols of that nation's character, both to itself and to the world. Russia is a country, for instance, full of ignorance, poverty, and barbarity, where millions of the lowest class are still—in character—serfs with all serfs' vices, and hundreds of thousands of the highest are serf-owners with all serf-owners' unscrupulous passions. But Russia, not only to the imagination of Europe, but to her own, stands for a nation governed by clear-sighted statesmen of courtly diplomatic reticence and prompt purpose, whose intellects are

deep and keen and devoted to the external honor of their country,—men like Prince Gortschakoff, who have defeated with stately irony the combined French and English statesmen, vindicated (successfully though falsely) the wisdom and humanity of their master's conduct, and carried out his ambitious purposes with swift and silent determination. We do not know that this vast intellectual chasm between the government and the average of the nation does much to improve—in some ways it may do much to lower—its *morale*. But doubtless it exalts the intellectual standard even of the coarsest political elements it contains, nerves men to vigor, clearness, and self-command, who desire to influence or cope with the present political organization, and raises the national self-respect of the masses themselves. However false it may be that “vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness,” there can be no doubt that a selfish tyranny loses half its *relaxing* effect on the national mind by losing all its effeminacy and cowardice. The astringent qualities which remain may be, no doubt usually are, as astringent of the malign passions as they are of the better fortitude of men; but they are at least altogether tonic, adding to the strength both of evil and of good, instead of mere laxatives loosening the reins and fomenting anarchy and rage.

One can never compare the average but loose, half-strung Government of the Northern American States, embodied indeed in a man of singular simplicity, lucidity, and intrepidity of mind, but still slow, hesitating, without the precision or dignity of culture, and without the power or the will to draw tight the reins of his own cabinet,—with the calm, dense, unwavering, and in some sense ascetic fortitude that guides the evil purposes of the South, without, perhaps, rather over-appreciating this imaginative value of a *select* rather than a representative government. As Mr. Lowell puts it quaintly in one of the newest of his humorous Biglow Papers,—

“I tell ye one thing we might larn  
From them smart critters the Seceders,—  
Ef bein' right's the fust consarn,  
The 'fore-the-fust's cast-iron leaders.”

And this infinite advantage the South has had from the first in the rule of Mr. Jefferson Davis, a man whose purposes have matured from the vulgar craft and dishonesty of Mississippi repudiation into the true dignity of evil as life went on,—who was the soul of perhaps the most malign, most polished, and most masterly government the North ever had, that *nominally* of President Pierce, which attempted to force slavery on Kansas,—and who now accepts the responsibility of the world's most deadly civil war

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with the serene confidence and complacency of one who has all but attained his end of deliberately forming the life of a whole nation on a type which even worldly and despotic politicians receive with astonishment, and Christian civilization with indignation and disgust. Yet it is impossible to read the account which Mr. Gilmore has recently given us in the *Atlantic Monthly* of his own and Colonel Jacques's recent interview with the Southern President at Richmond without much of the sort of admiration which we feel for Milton's "Satan," till we are almost thankful to the vulgar Mississippi fraud of Mr. Davis's earlier days for breaking the completeness of the intellectual spell. Mr. Gilmore and Colonel Jacques seem to have gone on one of those fussy fools' errands to which volunteer politicians both North and South are so much addicted,—unless indeed its purpose were *indirect*, to bring back positive evidence to the North as to the unflinching firmness of the Southern purpose, and then Colonel Jacques can scarcely be quite so simple and straightforward as his companion represents him. They had no kind of "mission" or "powers" from any one but themselves. But they were "acquainted with the views of the Northern Government and with the sentiments of the Northern people," and wished to see if they could not patch up a basis for peace without disunion. Mr. Hawthorne tells us that when American consul at Liverpool his countrymen on their travels always thought it their duty to wait upon him in small committees who chose a chairman or spokesman on the mat outside his door, on no particular business, but simply to look him up, catechize him, and see generally how he was getting on. The same familiar idea of giving an unexpected lift to their respective governments appears to prevail among the political volunteers of Richmond and Washington, and it was two of these gentlemen with no better idea in their heads than to request Mr. Jefferson Davis, who seceded because he would *not* be ruled by a majority made up from the Free States, to bind himself to accept the decision of the very majority he had so cavalierly and at such enormous cost repudiated,—to whose errand we refer. The idea was intrinsically silly, and it was urged with argument so almost ostentatiously feeble that one is half inclined to suspect the fineness of a wish to elicit for the benefit of the North the restatement in the strongest form of the "cast-iron leader's" purpose. If that was its object, Mr. Davis felt too calm and strong to care to defeat it. He at least was not so short-sighted as to angle with the base Democratic party at the North, by dangling before their eyes baits of a possible reunion on a pro-slavery

basis, merely for the sake of breaking up the organization of the Republicans. He knows that sooner or later he must face and conquer, if he is to succeed at all, the whole strength of the Unionist passion of the North, and he is too wise to create a false crisis by misleading them. Mr. Davis's manner, says Mr. Gilmore, was "simple, easy, and fascinating." And in fact he was quite too much possessed with his purpose to feel any annoyance at the weak views of his opponents. He sat there quietly in the clear knowledge that through his initiative at least half a million of men have lost their lives; that that initiative was taken in the deliberate wish to mould a nation into institutions that are essentially incompatible with freedom and popular education; that for this purpose he has still to supply out of rapidly failing resources the strength of two great armies, to keep up the heart of a weary and ignorant people, and to keep down the heart of one still more weary and ignorant which he retains in servitude; and that the great struggle, the tide of which for four years has gravitated steadily against him may easily last at least as many more with constantly dwindling hope for this great project, which almost rests on his own life and that of his great military colleague General Lee. Yet with the clear knowledge of all this he can sit smiling quietly in his bare house at Richmond, saying, "I desire peace as much as you do; I deplore bloodshed as much as you do; but I feel that not one drop of the blood shed in this war is on my hands; and I look up to my God and say this; I tried all in my power to avert this war. I saw it coming, and for twelve years I worked night and day to prevent it; but I could not. The North was mad and blind; it would not let us govern ourselves; and so the war came, and now it must go on till the last man of this generation falls in his tracks, and his children seize his musket and fight his battles, unless you acknowledge our right to self-government. We are not fighting for slavery. We are fighting for independence, and that, or extermination we will have."

Considering that the North never on any occasion interfered, or wished to interfere, or were even accused of interfering with the self-government of the South,—that Mr. Davis's efforts "for twelve years" to avert the crisis were all directed to repealing legal and equitable contracts as to the boundary of slavery, and forcing the "domestic institution" of the South into the Northern States, the perfect equanimity with which the Southern President declares that in this matter he has "lived in all good conscience before God" up to this day, strikes us as the very sublimity of incarnate purpose, so feeding itself on its own intensity as to lose all

apprehension of the self-delusions into which it has grown. Nay, Mr. Davis even contemplates the emancipation of the African slaves with perfect composure. Two millions, he says, have been emancipated already by the armies of the North,—it is a remarkable admission,—and he does not much care how soon the rest go. Slavery was the “corner-stone” of the South, said the Vice-President once; but Mr. Davis implies now that it was rather the *type and flower* of the national life than essential to its organization. General education, the idea of political equality, the ambition of the masses, all these principles were hostile to slavery, and also essentially hostile to the national type desired by the Southern people; but if the African slaves were removed, there would still be the same difference of type dividing them from the North,—still the idea of a laboring class to be kept without knowledge and under subjection;—so at least we understand the drift of the following between Mr. Gilmore and Mr. Davis:—

Mr. Gilmore —“And slavery, you say, is no longer an element in the contest?”

Mr. Davis —“No, it is not, it never was an essential element. It was only a means of bringing other conflicting elements to an earlier culmination. It fired the musket which was already capped and loaded. There are essential differences between the North and the South that will, however this war may end, make them two nations.”

Mr. Gilmore —“You ask me to say what I think. Will you allow me to say that I know the South pretty well, and never observed those differences?”

Mr. Davis —“Then you have not used your eyes. My sight is poorer than yours, but I have seen them for years.”

Indeed later in the conversation Mr. Davis makes it clear that he believes the principle of the life of the South to be ruled by a minority,—and evidently he does not mean a select minority representing the whole nation, but a minority ruling by privilege a violent and barbarous majority proud of such rule:—

Mr. Davis —“That the majority shall decide it, you mean? We seceded to rid ourselves of the rule of the majority, and this would subject us to it again.”

Mr. Gilmore —“But the majority must rule finally, either with bullets or ballots.”

Mr. Davis —“I am not so sure of that. Neither current events nor history shows that the majority rules, or ever did rule. The contrary, I think, is true. Why, sir, the man who should go before the Southern people with such a proposition, with any proposition which implied that the North was to have a voice in determining the do-

mestic relations of the South, could not live here a day. He would be hanged to the first tree without judge or jury.” We suspect that the North has, and has had all along, but too little wish to “determine the domestic relations of the South,” and that Mr. Davis knows this well. What he means is that the Southern majority can only be kept under and kept attached to its own subordinate position by being incited to hatred of Northern institutions. He admits freely that in the lifetime of this generation there can be no permanent peace between North and South:—“You have sown such bitterness at the South, you have put such an ocean of blood between the two sections, that I despair of seeing any harmony in my time. Our children may forget this war, but we cannot;” and yet he admits it in a context and in a manner which cannot but suggest that this antagonism is rather his deliberate policy in forming the mind of his nation than that inevitable result of war which he calls it. There has been a current of good-natured feeling throughout between both parties, as there is notoriously between the soldiers of the contending armies, which almost contradicts the spoken words.

The conversation is throughout a remarkable one, the remarkable part of it being, of course, Mr. Davis's. It realizes almost for the first time how strong and calm a government may be founded for a moment on one man's clear, patient, evil purpose to enlist the best and noblest parts of a degraded people's life in the service of their worst institutions and lowest passions, till they themselves have almost learned to identify ignorant, servile, and cruel habits with patriotism, self-devotion, and even martyrdom. Nay, it does more: it realizes how the designer who projects and half accomplishes this may almost forget his own former craft and trickiness and intrigue in the superficial grandeur of his bad design, and display in his own character the same strangely inverted strata of character,—personal heroism, asceticism, fortitude, self-reliance, equanimity, beneath,—above, the vision of a nation existing for the sake of an oligarchy,—a nation kept ignorant that a few may be cultivated, kept poor that a few may be rich, kept brutal that a few may be powerful.

From The Spectator, 24 Sept.

#### GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

THE operations which have carried the Federals from Chattanooga to Atlanta, that is, from the frontier of Tennessee to the heart of Georgia, are as yet the most brilliant and the most solid achievements in the war. Except in its later phases, the campaign has at-

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tracted but little public attention. Its successive incidents made but a small figure in telegrams, and many of those who pretended to be aware of the facts concealed their ignorance under assumptions not justified by the progress nor verified by the result. First Johnston was "drawing Sherman on," then Sherman was fairly stopped; finally, it was broadly stated that he could not take Atlanta, that his communications would be destroyed, and that he would be driven back to the Tennessee, perhaps to the Ohio. All these unfounded statements were made with an air of the greatest confidence by writers whose very language showed that they were ignorant of the facts, or utterly incapable of appreciating the solid character of Sherman's system. But they passed muster at the time, and served at least the purpose of "bulling" Confederate stock. Even now we are but imperfectly acquainted with the facts, yet sufficient has been made public to show that no officer ever performed a piece of work in a more business-like manner.

When the general command passed into the hands of Grant, he resolved to discontinue the system of operations by several separate armies, and to unite the disposable forces of the State into three great bodies. One was to invade Texas. That scheme failed through want of military skill on the part of Banks. A second under his own orders was to strike at Richmond. The consequent operations are now in progress. The third, under Sherman, was to assemble at Chattanooga and invade Georgia, having for its object the capture of Atlanta,—the junction of four railways and a grand dépôt of Confederate stores and factories. This campaign has been completed; this object has been attained.

Sherman broke up his camp at Chattanooga in the first week of May. He had united the corps of three armies,—those of the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Mississippi. The Confederates had likewise drawn together every available man from the States west of the Savannah, and stood under Johnston a few miles north of Dalton. In their rear lay a region of mountains, broken and cleft by passes and valleys, and watered by numerous streams from rocky torrents to broad and deep rivers. Northern Georgia, Cherokee Georgia, as it is called, was therefore a fine country to defend. Johnston's base was Atlanta, on the left bank of the Chattahoochee, and his line of communications was the railway which from Chattanooga runs through Atlanta to Macon and the Atlantic coast. At intervals along this road were strong positions in the mountains. When Sherman moved out from Chattanooga he found his foe awaiting him on Tunnel Hill, a ridge under which passed the railroad. But Johnston

only resisted an advance upon this position in order to cover his retreat upon the stronger post, a little north of Dalton. There he halted, occupying Rocky Faced Ridge, a name implying its strength, deploying on either side of the pass of Buzzard Roost. Sherman had formed his plans. He engaged Johnston along his front, while he detached M'Pherson his best general, directing him to move down the valley on the western face of the ridge and intrench himself at Snake Creek Gap, a pass whence a road led directly upon Resaca, a railway station on the Coostanaula River, twenty miles to Johnston's rear. Then as soon as he heard that M'Pherson was intrenched, he glided from Johnston's front and carried his whole force to Snake Creek Gap. When he debouched upon Resaca, he found that his enemy had anticipated him and had reached that place. This promptitude must be placed to the credit of Johnston; for it was quite as skilful a yielding to facts as Lee's retreat from Spottsylvania Court House upon Sexton's Junction.

Arrived at Resaca, the Confederate general posted himself on the rugged uplands which rise between Coostanaula and one of its affluents, and accepted battle. For two days he stood up against the Federal onset. Driven back further and further into the angle, he saw at once that Sherman by moving upon the river, below Resaca would coop him up and compel him to surrender. Both armies had suffered considerable losses,—perhaps 5,000 each,—but relatively the loss was greater to the defenders. To extricate himself from ground where he was penned up and where his line of retreat was threatened, he crossed the river in the night and fell back upon the Etowah, and then over it. Sherman immediately followed, marching upon Kingston. The fruit of a fortnight's marches and combats was the line of the Etowah and the town of Rome, an important Confederate factory and dépôt. Johnston now encamped on the Allatoona Mountains, with the river in front and covering the railway. Sherman, organizing his own line of retreat and supply, as he went, by repairing the slightly damaged railroad and establishing blockhouses and patrols, now crossed the Etowah. Again he showed a front with his left and his horsemen toward Allatoona Gap, again he sent the indefatigable M'Pherson forward with his right upon Dallas, a place well in rear of Johnston's left, whence the roads led easterly towards Marietta. Alarmed, and justly, by this movement, Johnston came down from the heights of Allatoona, and marching as swiftly as he could, endeavored to surprise and annihilate M'Pherson. But the latter was intrenched on favorable ground. He was supported also



from the main army, part of which moved through the pass. M'Pherson and Hooker fought for three days, withstanding repeated onslaughts and repelling them with great loss. Johnston retreated to Marietta, or rather to two bold mountains west of it, and completely covering it. Sherman now drew in his left from Dallas, united his army between Marietta and Ackworth, and halted while he brought down his defensive system in his rear to Allatoona Gap, where he established an intermediate base. He had now been not quite a month in the field, and he had driven his enemy to Marietta, within thirty miles of Atlanta.

Here he was destined to be held at bay for a month. Johnston had established himself on two lofty hills, well covered with timber, much broken about the base, and difficult of access. In an unknown country Sherman was compelled to learn its geography by experience. He tried the Confederate right and found the route dangerous and impracticable, as it would have laid open his line of supply. Then he worked at the left. Johnston stood fast and defended his stronghold with tenacity. But here, again, he was gradually deprived of his outposts. Bloody actions were fought with varying success until Johnston was driven wholly on to Kenesaw Mountain. Somewhat elated by his success, and hoping to crush his antagonist, Sherman attacked in force on the 27th of June, and failed with great loss. Then he had recourse to his old tactics. Leaving part of his army intrenched on the railroad, he pushed the rest in succession past the western slopes of Kenesaw, the cavalry in advance towards the Chattahoochee. The movement was decisive. Johnston, threatened in a vital part, quitted the mountain on the 2d of July and retreated to the Chattahoochee. The Federal turning columns continued their march, and those left on the railway occupied the mountain. Then the whole were once more united, and Johnston who had halted on the right bank filed over the river, and went into position behind a strong line of intrenchments on the left bank. Two months had now slipped by, and Sherman stood on the banks of the river ten miles from the goal of his exertions. But he did not halt longer than was necessary to reconnoitre the front and secure the rear. He brought down his admirable system of defence along the railway to Marietta, and then crossing the river above the Confederate lines, he rendered them useless for defence. He crossed on the 11th of July, and Johnston at once filed into the lines of Atlanta. The remainder of the campaign is better known to our readers. Johnston was superseded by Hood, a soldier who deserves the highest praise for true courage

and absolute devotion to the cause for which he fights. But Hood could not restore the balance. Sherman's operations, as we have said, are pretty well known. Pouncing upon Decatur he destroyed the line leading to Richmond as far as Covington, but extending his left towards the Macon line, he was caught on the march by Hood and severely punished in two battles. Then recognizing facts, he saw he must give up that line and transfer his army to the west side of Atlanta. This he did with his customary decision. He had lost M'Pherson, his brightest lieutenant; Hooker had gone, too, dissatisfied at the promotion of Logan. His means were diminished by battle and disease just as a host of Georgia militia poured into Atlanta. Nevertheless, Sherman worked along toward East Point, where, if he arrived, he would command the roads to Macon and Montgomery. His cavalry with varying fortune had cut in upon the railways, but had suffered considerable loss. Finding that he could not hope to storm the Confederate lines, Sherman, as our readers know, took the bulk of his force, and sweeping round upon the Macon road, shattered Hood's weak efforts to obstruct him and sat down on the line. Then Hood, his army being broken and severed, and his militia of small account, blew up his magazines and retreated by country roads towards Macon. Thus in four months, in spite of a most energetic resistance, Sherman bored and fought and manœuvred his way into the heart of a hostile State, and on the 3d of September stood master of Atlanta, with his army well in hand and his long communications unimpaired. To the competent eye this offensive campaign will bear comparison with some of the most striking achievements in the annals of war.

Now Sherman has been successful, the Confederate partisans on this side admit and extol his ability; but to their discredit they cannot do so without depreciating Grant and instituting comparisons which have little foundation in fact, and only serve to show the ignorance or the malice of the critics.

From The Saturday Review.

#### MISTAKES IN LIFE.

THERE is something wonderfully pathetic in the idea of mistakes in life, even before we have any distinct impression with whom the mistake lies. The very term is a tender reproach upon Fate, as though that power set men to choose blindfold in matters importing their lasting interests, and punished them for choosing wrong. Regrets and re-

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pinings upon what might have been if things had not happened just as they did happen—if we had not done just what we did do—are a very familiar resource of melancholy or ill-humor. And a very natural one; for who can tell the weighty consequences of even a trivial action,—all that is bound up in the decisions we are every day called upon to make upon what appear insufficient grounds for a right judgment? Most people, looking back on their career, must be tempted to think their life would have been more successful and complete but for certain blunders which were slipped into most unconsciously, and without any view to their bearing. They imagine that differences then seemingly unimportant would have altered their whole course, and altered it, as they are disposed to think, materially for the better.

The subject is a very wide and vague one. If we choose, we may call history a series of mistakes; but dispassionately to note the mistakes of others, either in a past age or in our own, is merely one form of observation, and as such does not affect the mind as a personal question, or influence the character in a selfish direction. There are people who are always dwelling on their own mistakes, and the mistakes of others towards them; and as this form of regret commonly takes the line of having cheated ourselves, or having been cheated, out of some of the good things of this world,—place and name, more money and more friends, everything involved in success in life,—it is a question whether the theme is ever a very profitable one, even where a man rigidly confines himself to his own share of the blunder. But, in fact, no one can indulge in this turn of thought long without implicating friends, connections, and allies in the disgrace. It is disagreeable to dwell for long exclusively on our own follies. The mind irresistibly seeks for partners in a scrape, and men are so bound up in one another that it can always find them. It is certain that people apt with the phrases, "It was a great mistake," "I made a great mistake," cannot carry on the strain beyond the first confession without falling foul of their friends' dealing with them. To start with, they are perhaps conscious of failing in certain preliminary elements of success; yet it is but a sour sort of humility to point out defects in their education, though there may be truth in it. The human race is a race of

mistake-makers. Education has never been free from mistakes, and probably very grave ones. If a man has been brought up with scrupulous care, he is the victim of theory. If he has had the chances of other boys, study of individual character has been wanting. In some degree or other his spirit has either been cowed by severity, or spoilt by over-indulgence. If left to himself, he acquires desultory habits. If held to hard mental labor, imagination is sacrificed. If parents have a large promiscuous acquaintance, they entail on their son the task of exclusion. If they belong to a party, he starts one of a clique. If they avoid society for his sake, he enters life solitary, unsupported, and without the power to make friends. If they interfered in his choice of a calling, his inclination might not be sufficiently consulted. If they left him to choose, he was thrown prematurely upon a judgment unfit for the responsibility. No circumstances have ever been perfectly happy, no management has ever been entirely judicious, no man's friends have in all respects acted wisely by him; and in every training a hundred things have been ill-done or fraught with danger. It is the facility of shifting off some of the burden and the blame of our worst mistakes that makes this habit the most spurious of all forms of repentance, and often a mere ungrateful sham of contrition. To see a man, poker in hand, on a wet day, dashing at the coals, and moodily counting up the world's mistakes against him, is neither a dignified nor an engaging spectacle; and our sympathy flags, with the growing conviction that no man is an utter victim to the mistakes of others who has not an ineradicable propensity to make mistakes himself, and that people are constantly apt to attribute a state of things to one particular condition or mischance which, sooner or later, must have happened from some inherent weakness and openness to attack. There is, besides, the experience, which must in its degree be universal, that wishes and expectations by no means necessarily suggest the means to their attainment, and that in youth especially we have often very earnestly wanted a thing, and yet taken no steps, or just the wrong ones, to get it, vaguely expecting our desire to accomplish themselves, though our outer life and actions may even wilfully run counter to them.

That subtle discrepancy between thought and action which is to be observed in speculative, self-conscious characters, brings about some of the more recondite mistakes of life. They are caused by refusing to believe in the natural consequences of actions,—by not counting the cost. Thus an act of large and exceptional liberality often looks like a mistake,—not at the time when we are dazzled by the air of self-sacrifice, but when we compare it with the rest of a man's course, and note its effect upon his character, which is the only test of the consistency of the motive originally at work. Something on the same principle, Machiavel called a single unsupported act of generosity in an unscrupulous scheme of policy a mere blunder,—noting the great mistake it is to “mingle isolated acts of mercy with extreme measures.” It sounds horribly cold-blooded, and sinks him lower than ever in the disesteem of modern readers; but he may have taken a juster measure than we do at this distance of the motive which prompted the discordant generosity. However, we must not dwell on this part of our subject, though a writer of the *Spectator* did propose it “as no unacceptable piece of entertainment to the town to inquire into the hidden features of the blunders and mistakes of wise men.”

Of course, all people reviewing their own lives must see in them great mistakes,—wonderful mistakes,—perhaps a mere series of mistakes as compared to that ideal of life with which they started, and in contrast with which the reality is a thing of shreds and patches, beginnings without endings, ceaseless fluctuations of design, so that we have something to do to trace the one mind at work through the successions of change. Yet we may be sure that this is just what others can see in us. It may be noted that where men themselves attribute ill-success or mischance to separate distinct mistakes,—as, for instance, to the choice of such an adviser, the engaging in such a speculation,—those who have to observe them trace all to character. They see that, if failure had not come at such a juncture, it must at some other, from certain flaws in a man's nature which he must heal and repair before he can go straight,—that mistakes simply mark occasions when he was tested. We see in a career a hundred chances thrown away and wasted, not at all from accident; though the

actor, looking back, does not know why he chose the wrong, and is still only aware of having vacillated between two courses in a certain toss-up state of mind, in which, as far as he sees, he might just as well have chosen right,—he being the last to remember that a crisis is the occasion for hidden faults and predominating influences to declare themselves; so that his mistakes were, in a manner, inevitable. For example, one man rushes headlong into an uncongenial, imprudent marriage, which may be considered the mistake, *par excellence*, of life. Can there be properly anything merely accidental in such a step? Does it not belong to a certain course of action,—to a vein of folly or conceit of which something of the sort is a natural sequence, which he only escapes by a happy accident or want of opportunity? Another man is intending to marry all his life, and dies a peevish old bachelor, owning his mistake; but others can trace a whole course of weak compliance, or selfish, ungenerous caution, as the cause of his present isolation.

It may be that the errors of a consistent, deliberate course of action only go by another name; but certainly the habit, in all its flagrancy, not only of making mistakes, but of mooning over them, belongs to those who act on impulse, and disdain a producible reason for their actions. This might seem self-evident; but not only are the people prone to impulse incorrigibly proud of it as being akin in their mind to genius, which can afford to despise the slower processes of reason, but the world does much to foster the idea, by attaching high-sounding adjectives to the word,—so that good impulses, noble impulses, generous impulses, run off our tongue of themselves. Yet, in fact, the majority of impulses are not good or noble, and experience shows us that impulse is amongst the most inconvenient and questionable guides in human affairs. A good impulse either means an inspiration, or it is a good habit of mind, showing itself on some sudden call with a readiness of response which is mistaken for spontaneous resolve. But the impulse we see most of is the reverse of this, and proceeds from some looseness of mind which defies and forbids the formation of habits,—which forms nothing, but drifts along, when it acts on ordinary principles of conduct, without acquiring any lasting impressions from custom, or any adhesiveness; so that,

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when a new or bizarre suggestion presents itself, it comes with the force of a command. Why not? why shouldn't they?—and there is no counteracting stay of habit to provide an answer, or stand against the delirious joy of novelty,—the gambler's excitement of putting the happiness of his future on a chance for the mere thrill of seeing it imperilled.

After all, we shall not often get the actor and the looker-on to be of the same mind as to what are mistakes. As the epicure lays the account of his indigestion to the few drops of cream in his after-dinner cup of tea, so the repiner over his own destiny sets his misfortunes down to trifling indiscretions, or even to what others might consider exceptional exhibitions of good sense; while the decisive failures, the incontrovertible mistakes, are defended to the death. Some of this school have only one mistake to reproach themselves with, but this recurring, as we are given to understand, at various turning-points of life,—that of not having taken their own way, but having allowed themselves, at some critical juncture, to follow the advice, the example, the opinion of others.

Persons of a speculative cast can scarcely escape this habit of mind. Their own experience is much like Mr. Clough's:—

"How often sat I poring o'er  
My strange, distorted youth,  
Seeing in vain in all my store  
One feeling based on truth;"

for a certain intellectual activity prompts to a perpetual review and suspicion of the past. Authors, the picked men of this class, who are driven by their calling to utilize the actions and proceedings generally of so much of mankind as come in their way, may be said to constitute themselves the authority on all questions of cause and effect, and to pronounce *ex cathedra* on what are the mistakes of others; though their attitude of critics of the human race diverts them from personal vigilance, and makes them crying examples of mistakes in their own persons. Thus we may see them very much alive to the world's mistakes toward them, and very blind to the real cause, often to the real facts, of their own. It is next to impossible but that writers, as a class, should be discontented men; for human nature craves for action, and, in the long run, the observer, whatever his success in his own field, will feel it a mistake that he has not been an active worker instead of a chronicler and speculator on others'

work. They are almost as certain, too, to overvalue their own judgment, and thus to lay the cause of their mischances at the wrong door. Thus the autobiographies and personal revelations of literary men represent them all as victims of mistakes.

But all people who are not men of action are not therefore men of thought. Mistakes are a very prolific subject with all who judge of things, as so many do, solely by the event. There are persons who live in the belief that they are wise till something happens wholly irrespective of their own conduct or motives, when they spring as suddenly to the conclusion that they have been fools. It is wonderful what steps will be regretted—what natural, proper, nay, inevitable steps—where the event does not vindicate a course of action. It is imperative on many tempers to blame somebody—anybody—when things do not go as they would have them. Thus a man meeting with a railway accident is bent on proving it a great mistake that he went by that train at all. The irrevocable, with all unreasoning natures, is forever prompting this illusory, deceitful form of self-blame, which issues in nothing; for it has not taught them any new principle of conduct.

Many people attribute to themselves a series of mistakes from a mere over-estimate of their powers. It is their only method of accounting to themselves why they were not where their deserts should place them. It is soothing to their vanity to lay their failure to the charge of some defect in policy or judgment. They are at the foot of the ladder instead of the top, and find a feeble, rapid consolation in counting up a series of isolated blunders. It all comes from not embracing that opening, from stopping short on the way to success a day too soon, from an ill choice of advisers at some important crisis, and so on. But the truth is, everybody is making such mistakes always. No man can get on without the power, not of avoiding mistakes, but of nullifying and mastering them when made. Yes! no doubt every life is full of mistakes, and it is a further argument against morbid dwelling upon them that we can rarely find in our own case which of them has told lastingly against us. Going by analogy,—observing what sort of mistakes press and gnaw on the minds of others,—our own sensitiveness is far from being an infallible judge. We may then be attaching mighty consequences to some indiscretion which has really served us well, while the mistake which has damaged us may lurk altogether out of our cognizance. Especially we may take for granted, of every man who sits and murmurs over the mistakes of others towards him, that, in fact, he is suffering infinitely more from the consequences of his own.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW UPON O'CONNELL.

There is no good reason why the Irish people should be enthusiastic about O'Connell. If Erin refuses to weep at the Liberator's urn, it only shows that Erin has a very sound judgment and is not half so green as the world supposes. The deceased agitator cannot be pronounced either an estimable character or a distinguished public benefactor; and it is satisfactory to believe that good tears are not wasted on a decidedly spurious patriot. Such displays of posthumous party rancor as that which took place at Belfast on the same day with the Dublin demonstration are both foolish and indecent; but the mere reproach of ingratitude to the immortal Liberator is one which Ireland can well afford to bear. The name of O'Connell is prominently associated with one undoubted service to the cause of civil and religious liberty; but, with the solitary exception of his share in obtaining Catholic Emancipation, his career must be considered both discreditable and mischievous. With the abolition of the unjust disabilities which affected more especially the class to which he himself belonged, all that was useful and honorable in his public life began and ended. We do not recollect a single other instance in which he devoted his confessedly great powers, whether successfully or otherwise, to any object calculated to benefit his country, materially or morally. He left Ireland as miserable as he found it, and no one of the measures which of late years have contributed to ameliorate the condition of the finest but most wretched peasantry on the face of the earth can be traced even remotely to his influence. After the passing of the Emancipation Act, he took to sedition as a trade; and his talents were thenceforth almost exclusively employed in stirring up the passions of the ignorant masses for an object which no man knew better than himself to be a sheer impossibility. No public man of our time has been more shamelessly insensible to the responsibilities which accompany popular influence and oratorical power. He debauched and demoralized the minds of his countrymen with stupid and mendacious adulation. Lazy and improvident peasants, with a turn for murdering their landlords, were accredited with all the virtues under heaven, and credulous mobs were taught to believe that the British Army and the British Empire existed only by their permission. He was habitually and ostentatiously insincere, and never hesitated to repeat, year after year, with undiminished effrontery, the same impudent hoax which experience had periodically detected. Mr. Seward has for some time left off predicting the "suppression of the rebellion" within ninety days at furthest; but we do not recollect that the Irish agitator ever dropped the stereotyped fiction which amused and gratified a succession of monster meetings. To say that he was recklessly abusive is to mention one of his most venial failings. He was not only coarse, but malignant. "Law" and "order" were eternally on his lips; but the spirit and essence of his teaching was the perpetuation of political feuds and class hatreds. If his incendiary nonsense about Celt and Saxon had produced

its intended effect, it is difficult to see how the two races could have continued to live together in the same island. Altogether, it is no exaggeration to say that the last fifteen years of O'Connell's life were an almost unmixed evil to the country which blindly trusted and idolized him; and it is incomprehensible how any Irishman who respects himself can take pleasure in reviving a name which only awakens painful and humiliating memories.

THE Book of the week is the collected edition of the Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. Praed, christened Winthrop after his mother's family, and Mackworth after that of his father, which had changed its name some generations earlier, was born in 1802, and died in 1839. His father was sergeant-at-law, and for many years Chairman of the Audit Board. At Eton young Praed was the leading spirit of "The Etonian," and the founder of the "Boys' Library." At Cambridge he won medals for Greek, Latin, and English verse, and was a chief in the Union Debating Society, excelled only in reputation by Macaulay and Charles Austin, and at this time he became a foremost writer in Mr. Charles Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*. In 1825 Praed was at Eton again as private tutor for two years to Lord Ernest Bruce, and it was then that he began writing for the magazines and annuals. In May, 1829, he was called to the bar at the Middle Temple. In November, 1830, he came into parliament as member for St. Germain's, and was returned again in 1831. The Reform Bill deprived St. Germain's of its franchise: Praed stood for St. Ives in 1832, and was rejected, but in 1834 was returned with Mr. T. Baring, for Yarmouth, after a contest by which he was believed to have laid the foundation of his fatal disease. He obtained the friendship of the Duke of Wellington, and held under Sir Robert Peel's government, in 1834-5, the office of Secretary to the Board of Control. In 1837 he left Yarmouth for Aylesbury, for which borough he was member when he died. His mother had died in his childhood. He lost his father, and he married, in the year 1835, and when he died, in 1839, he left his widow with two infant daughters. It was the intention of his widow to publish her husband's poems, with an introductory memoir by his friend the Reverend Derwent Coleridge. But the widow also is now dead, and for the complete fulfilment of her wish the public is indebted to the poet's daughters. How much the public gains by its fulfilment we hope partly to show when we discuss the poems. Winthrop Praed was a true individual poet, the best writer of *vers de societe* in all our literature, and something more than that. — *Examiner*.